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Historical Sketches  
of the  
TRACY AND TANNER  
FAMILIES

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NATHANIEL TRACY  
MARY HIS WIFE

JOSIAH TANNER  
MARTHA HIS WIFE


JAMES TRACY  
MARY (TANNER) TRACY, HIS WIFE

---

TOGETHER WITH AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF  
MATHEW J. TRACY

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BY  
M. J. TRACY  
AUTHOR OF THE  
TRACY-TANNER GENEALOGIES  
1915



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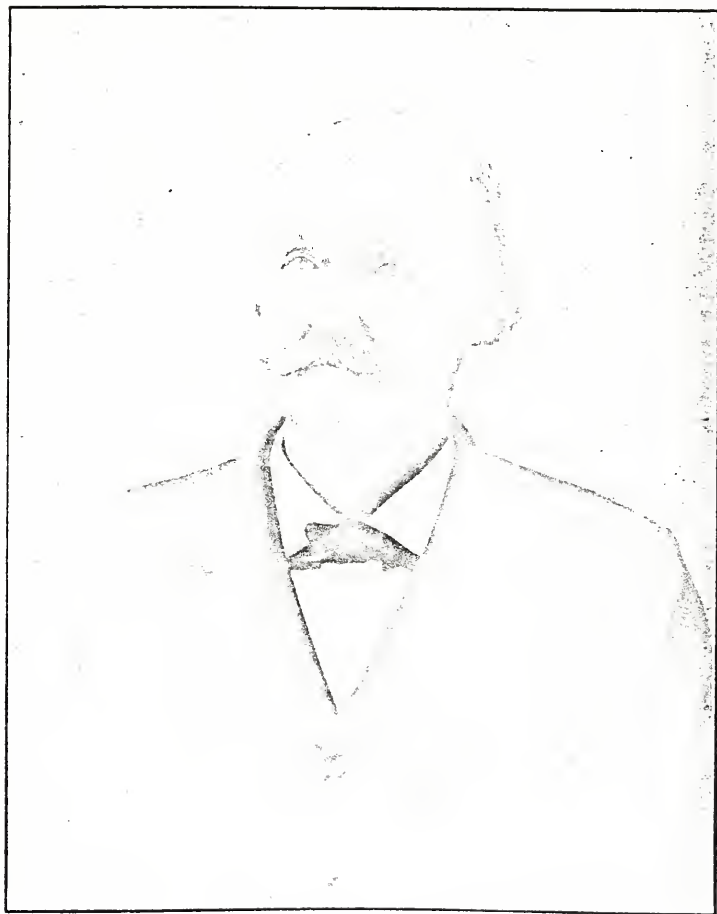
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150 W. Madison St.  
Franklin, Indiana

1973

by Mrs. Janet Whitaker







MATHEW J. TRACY  
1905



## INTRODUCTION

The writer realizing that his capacity for reading and writing was about to pass from him, undertook this work with a full knowledge of the difficulties entailed. In the early part of the preparation about a page would be the result of the effort which had to be made in the fore-noon. Later he had to wait until the afternoon before applying himself to the task. The work was finally completed at night, when he could collect his thoughts only for the space of an hour, or such a matter, at a time.

The period of inquiry has covered considerable time and the scope has extended nation wide, at a cost, large in energy and thought, and at considerable money expense.

The families here-in delineated evidently were among the earliest settlers of this country, and their descendants are to be found in every state in the Union, as letters he has on file will show.

In the early days communication was difficult and undeveloped, which isolated the settlers when they started west, so that they were cut off from a knowledge of their relatives in the east. This, with many other conditions, has made difficult the collection of material for this work.

The writer humbly presents this memorandum at the instance of the present generation, so that his grand-children and great-grand-children might know something of their fore-parents, as far as he has learned about them.

Whiteland, Indiana.

Signed,

January 31, 1911.

MATHEW J. TRACY.



## NATHANIEL TRACY

### Facts, Sketches and Traditions of His Life.

Tradition give as the place of his birth, Tracy's Landing, on the Chesapeake Bay in Maryland, where his forefathers settled about the year 1640, from the mother country. They claimed to be of Scotch Irish and English decent, and were colonized by the Lords Baltimore in the time of their settlement of Maryland. Nathaniel Tracy's father's name was William and his mother's name was Nancy. It is learned that Nathaniel named his oldest son for his father, William, and his oldest daughter, Nancy, for his mother, and that his other children for other brothers and sisters. But to return to the Tracy family, at Tracy's Landing, we find that Nathaniel continued to live at this place and made it home until about thirty years of age, when he decided to look for a new country. This led him to the southwest, through Virginia and North Carolina. When near the line of the two Carolinas his horse threw him and broke his leg; this was near the French Broad River in North Carolina. He was taken in and cared for by a citizen named Abram Tidwell, who had a young widowed daughter, that was his nurse until he was well of the accident. While this nursing and wound healing was going on there was doubtless some love making, as they were soon afterwards married. Her name was Hill by a first marriage. She was the mother of four children by Hill; their names were Abraham, Sarah, Celia and Elizabeth. This was only a few years before the advent of the Revolutionary War. He continued to live in the same section of country



through the troublous time of that war, and taking part at various times as a partisan soldier, being well out on the frontier and away from the seat of war he was not called into service at its early inception, but later, about 1778, 1779 and 1780, his services as a partisan soldier was continuously in demand. When the British and Tories commenced operations to overrun the Carolinas and their frontiers, traditions say that Nathaniel Tracy was often heard to declare that it was safer to be in the service than to stay at home and be butchered by the Tories, and he was often heard to make the remark, that in 1779, 1780 and 1781 fighting was going on all over his part of the country. This was very significant language, as a number of battles were fought in his immediate section of the country, viz: King's Mountain, Black Stock, Broad River and Cow Pens. He was not in the battle of King's Mountain, but lived near that battlefield. Neither was Colonel Sumpter's command in that engagement. But agreeable to tradition he was a soldier in Colonel Sumpter's partisan rangers, from the frontiers or mountain regions of the Western Carolinas. Colonel Sumpter led his command in most of the engagements from Eutaw Springs to Charlotte, North Carolina. And tradition again tells us that Nathaniel Tracy was free to speak of the battles of Eutaw Springs, Black Stock, Broad River and Cow Pens with the familiarity of one that participated in their actions.

With these engagements the fighting was brought to a close in that part of the colonies early in the year 1781, and Nathaniel Tracy saw the bright prospect of peace ahead. When these campaigns were over the Partisans and Clans—as he termed them—were dismissed to return to their homes with the understanding that they should hold themselves in





readiness to join their commands at a moment's notice, but if tradition be correct, after the early spring of 1781, their services were not called for again.

When Nathaniel Tracy returned to his home after his service in the army, he found his family in a very needy and suffering condition from the depredations of the roving bands of Tories, destroying and carrying away everything that came within sight or reach, leaving the family destitute and helpless. Nathaniel Tracy claimed that the greatest effort of his life was at this time—put forth to provide the necessities of his helpless and needy family. His efforts were not in vain; with the best of health, strength and nerve, he was soon prepared and on the way for and to a new home beyond the Allegheny Mountains.

In the year 1796, Nathaniel Tracy and family, after a residence of about twenty-five years in the Carolinas, emigrated to Kentucky and settled in what was Jefferson County at that time, and as new counties were organized they were next citizens of Oldham County, and again when Henry County was organized they were still at home in that county. Here in the heavy timbered wilderness a new home and provisions for the family had to be made, and all had to live in the primitive style of that day, and the requirements were adequately made; at least the indications look in that direction. The character of Nathaniel Tracy was above reproach, in his family and among his neighbors for honesty of purpose, truthfulness, and straight forward dealing between man and man, never would touch peach, apple or other fruit without permission from the owner; never was known to be under the influence of intoxicating liquors, was moral and quiet in his every day walk and associations; all these qualities were a matter of common remark by all who knew him, and was



current tradition from home folks and relatives that were living in the early years of the writer.

Nathaniel Tracy was the father of six children, three sons and three daughters, Nancy, Mary, William, Rachel James and John.

Fourteen years before this grandson (the writer) was born this good old grandfather passed to his long rest. Before this his children had all chosen their helpmates for life. His life companion had eight years before left him alone and was at rest. His children long since have also gone to their final rest. All of Nathaniel Tracy's children emigrated to other lands, Nancy remained in Kentucky, Mary and Rachel found homes in Ohio, William, James and John settled in Indiana. Here the three brothers completed their remaining years, and all three are buried in Johnson County, Ind. The grand children were a goodly number, and all are gone with this one exception, the writer, and I alone am left to tell the tale of my generation.

To the best of my abilities, with the lights following in my way, I have traced the foot prints of this long departed grandfather, by often dim tradition, from his home on the Chesapeake Bay, at Tracy's Landing, leaving friends and relatives behind, (to which he never returned) he started to look for a new country. His accident of a broken leg in the Carolinas, which resulted in his marriage to his life companion and his locating in North Carolina, on the French Broad River, the tumultuous times of the Revolutionary War, his final emigration over the mountains and on to the Ohio River, into Kentucky, locating here for the remainder of his life, where he realized the hardships of the pioneer's life, which found him laid to rest in the year 1818, in Henry County, Kentucky.



This closes the chapter of the life of good old grandfather, Nathaniel Tracy. Love and respect to his memory,  
MATHEW J. TRACY.

### EXPLANATIONS.

#### Nathaniel Tracy and Josiah Tanner.

In writing the life sketches of these two grandfathers they are frequently spoken of as from the same part of the country, it would seem to be necessary to give some explanation as to their past residence and this is a part of tradition that is very easy to unfold.

Each of them in their efforts to better their condition in life, leaving the land and home of their birth they each sought homes in the same part of the country, one in North Carolina the other in South Carolina, and very near together, with the line of the two states between them, and both on or near the French Broad River, it passing through each State, and must be taken, by the trend of tradition, as a fact, that they were personally acquainted. During the Revolutionary War, and the remainder of their stay in the Carolinas, both of them having served in the war, it was a current family tradition, that when they were together, both in the Carolinas and afterward in Kentucky, they must have had their talk about the times in the war, and it was said, "It was very interesting for the hearers."

When the emigration fever took possession of them they arranged for their migration together to the State of Kentucky, where they settled near each other, where they could talk of the war "back in the Carolinas," Nathaniel Tracy being from North Carolina and Josiah Tanner from South Carolina.

Two of the Tracy young men married two of the Tanner



young women, William Tracy married Elizabeth Tanner and James Tracy married Mary Tanner.

Their part in that great war and social neighborship, the greater part of their lives, and then their children joining hands for life, bound the tie of friendship all the closer. But the tie had to be broken.

Josiah Tanner died in 1807, Nathaniel Tracy died in 1818.

Good reasons are these, why they should have been quoted side by side so often and all comes from family tradition.

M. J. TRACY.

### Children of Nathaniel Tracy.

Only one of this family remain in Kentucky. Two went to Ohio and the others to Indiana.

Nancy married Christopher Shepard and remained in Kentucky. Died there.

Mary married — Ducket and settled in Ohio. Died there.

William married Elizabeth Tanner and settled in Indiana. William died in Indiana, Elizabeth in Illinois.

Rachel married — Cross and settled in Ohio. Died there.

James married Mary Tanner and settled in Indiana. Both died there and were buried in Johnson County.

John married Sarah Fore in Kentucky, moved to Indiana and died there. John was buried in Johnson County.

James Tracy and Mary (Tanner) Tracy were the father and mother of the writer, who moved their remains from the field in which they were interred to the cemetery at Greenwood, Ind.

Two of the above, Nancy and Mary, were never seen by the writer and knowledge of them was by tradition.

M. J. TRACY.





**MARY TRACY, First.****Mary ("My Mollie") Wife of Nathaniel Tracy.****Traditions of Life.**

The details of her life outside of what is contained in the sketch of the life of Nathaniel Tracy, will be very meager. Information, even by tradition, is very limited, as she died very early in our family's time. Father and mother had been married five years and brother John was only three years old at the time of her death.

She was a daughter of Abraham Tidwell and the widow of — Hill, with four children, one son and three daughters, named: Abraham, Sarah, Celia and Elizabeth, when she and Nathaniel Tracy were married.

By the misfortune of a broken leg Nathaniel Tracy was taken in by her father and was waited upon and cared for by his young widowed daughter, and soon after his recovery they were married and settled on the French Broad River in North Carolina. Soon after this the Revolutionary War came on, and Nathaniel being called to the service in 1778, 1779 and 1780, she was left to care for herself and children as best she could, and tradition says she did well, considering the loss of property by the raiding of the Tories. After the War of the Revolution was over, with peace and a measure of prosperity had come to them, and the six children by her second marriage, the youngest being nine years old, they emigrated to the wilds of Kentucky in the fall of 1796.

Her first set of children in part came to Kentucky with her, the others a little later on. Three of these with their families in the course of time, moved to Indiana, one remaining in Kentucky. The offspring of those settling in Indiana are quite numerous. Their family names were Hill, Bracket and Shepard.



Tradition farther says of her, that in the new country it was a hard struggle to make a living and cloth the children and her daily routine was spinning, weaving, cutting and making, and this mother, tradition farther informs us, was always at the task for her family.

It was a family tradition and a common saying, that Nathaniel always addressed her and spoke of her as "Mollie" and "My Mollie," and it was farther said, "he thought the world and all of her." This good woman lived to see all of her children settled in life and doing for themselves. Some remained in Kentucky, two of them, Mary and Rachel located in Ohio, but the greater number closed their life term in Indiana.

The three sons by the second marriage, William died in 1846, July 6th, age 65 years. James was born 1787, died May 21st; 1878. All three of them were buried in Johnson son County, Indiana.

The last fourteen years of her life was spent in the wilds of Kentucky, where in the year 1810 she was laid to rest in Henry County, in the presence of the sorrow and anguish of a loving family. Eight years later her husband, Nathaniel Tracy, was laid by her side, but where that may be, probably no one can tell at this late date.

With rest to their ashes, and love to their memories, this chapter will close this November 19th, 1908.

MATHEW J. Tracy.



**Mary Tidwell Hill Tracy.**

Mary Hill was the mother of four children by a former marriage before her marriage to Nathaniel Tracy. The writer only saw two of them, who for a time lived in Indiana, viz: Abraham Hill and Sally Bracket. Sally died in Indiana and Abraham returned to Kentucky where he died.

Abraham, the oldest, had quite a large family, died 1843.

Sarah married ——— Bracket.

Celia married ——— Lemasters, both died in Kentucky. Elizabeth married James Shepard, dying in Kentucky. Elizabeth was a grandmother of the Clem family that was raised in our immediate neighborhood in early times, making their first settlement in 1833. The oldest of the Isaac Clem family was grown when they moved to Indiana.

The Brackets of our adjoining neighborhood were the offspring of Sarah or Sally Bracket.

M. J. T.

**JOSIAH TANNER****Life Sketches from Records, Historical and Tradition.**

In tracing our branch of the Tanner family the writer has not been able to go any farther back than to the days and life of Lewis Tanner, who settled in Mecklinburg County, Virginia, not far from 1730 or 1740, or something near one-hundred-and-sixty-years ago. It is shown by the records that his deed for his homestead was recorded in 1750, and this property is still held by his continuous descendants, at the present time owned by Melville Tanner, of Lacross, Mecklinburg County, Virginia:

The name of Lewis Tanner's wife before marriage was Margaret Haskins, she having a brother named Creed, and these two names—Haskins and Creed, are often found in the later families, following Lewis and Margaret Tanner. To



this patriarchal pair were born two sons, named Thomas and Josiah. Thomas married Mollie Evans, and they had three sons, named Thomas, Ludwell and David. This Thomas was the grandfather of Wm. M. Tanner, and Ludwell was the grandfather of Mary H. Tanner, Wm. M. Tanner's wife. See T. T. G's. P. 45. This family I have had the pleasure of visiting, and have great respect for them as relatives, and enjoy their kind friendship.

Josiah Tanner, second son of Lewis Tanner, as given by tradition, was seventeen years old when he married Martha Wootten, December 1st, 1771. It is not known at this time whether or not Josiah Tanner had any sisters.

After their marriage they continued in Mecklinburg County, Virginia, about eight years; they then moved to and located in South Carolina in the year 1779, on the French Broad River, near Cherokee Ford. In and around this part of the country at this time was a bitter contest between the citizens, and S. C. line and partisan soldiers on the one side, and British and Tories on the other.

It will be in order now to take up the application for pension of Martha (Tanner) Lemasters and the evidence offered for the establishing of her claim to pension.

These pension papers furnish an almost complete life history of Josiah Tanner from the time of his marriage until his death. These papers are from the Pension Department at Washington, and from the Secretary of State's office, Columbia, South Carolina. This application for pension was made before the Probate Judge of Johnson County, Indiana, August 14th, 1843, and sets forth as follows: That she was 87 years old and that she was married to Josiah Tanner, in Mecklinburg County, Virginia, December 1st, 1771.





That her said husband was a Lieutenant in Capt. Cradra McBee's Company of Colonel Williams' Regiment, (Note, afterward Colonel Robuck's Regiment, after Battle of King's Mountain) of South Carolina troops, in the Revolutionary War; that he left home in May, 1780, wounded in the arm at the battle of King's Mountain in October of that year; came home to get his wound cured, returned to the army in the spring of 1781, and returned finally to his home in the fall of that year—having been in the service, including the time he was at home on account of his wound, about eighteen months. That he was a pensioner until 1796, while in South Carolina. On the reports of the Comptroller General of South Carolina, one of them dated at Columbia, S. C., October 3rd, 1843, to the effect that on October 5th, 1785, a warrant was issued for the payment of a horse lost in the service for £21. 8s. 6d and £1. 9s. 11d, interest; and on December 9, 1785, another warrant for £76. 3s. 6d; and interest for £5, 6s. 7d for 237 days duty, from June 18, 1780, to July 1st, 1781, "as a Lieutenant of horse" in Capt. Cradra McBee's Company, Colonel Robuck's Regiment of the South Carolina line.

Sally Crittenden, further testified, August 14th, 1843, that she was a daughter of Josiah Tanner; that she had often heard her father and mother relate that they were married at the home of a Colonel Rumford, in Mecklinburg County, Virginia, by the Rev. Parson Sample, whom she had seen and heard preach often. That she remembers well of her father going with a letter from General Morgan to Colonel Washington at Charlottesville, North Carolina, to come and meet him at the Cow Pens, and that he (her father) came by home and told her mother where he was going and what for. Mrs. Crittenden further testified that she remembered well, that



when her father came home with his wounded "*right arm*" he had no clothes for a change to put on, for the Tories had plundered their house while he was away. Mrs. Crittenden also testified that she had heard her parents say, that they had no license for their marriage, but that the vows were published three times in the church, (and marriage as before stated.)

The Comptroller General of South Carolina in February, 1844, further stated, that Josiah Tanner received his pension for twelve years from the General Government; that it was necessary his papers should be authenticated annually, and that he should receive his money in Charleston, which was then the location of the Commissioner of Pensions for the General Government. It will be seen in Martha Lemaster's application for pension that Josiah Tanner was a pensioner until 1796, while in South Carolina.

The above two statements in regard to Josiah Tanner's pension, will verify the tradition of the date of his emigrating to Kentucky as stated in the T. T. G.'s.

This tradition came from my mother Mary (Tanner) Tracy and her declaration was, "I was almost seven years old when we left South Carolina." This indicates that they arrived in Kentucky in the fall of that year, she being seven years old in December following, making it the year 1796.

Another bit of tradition may be worth relating, happening in the mountains after leaving south Carolina; this also from my mother. She says: "I was riding down the mountain on a horse behind my brother, the horse fell and threw both of us, and I started to fall over the side of the mountain, my father being in sight, but too far off to be of any assistance, turned his back on me, not wanting to see me dashed to death on the rocks below; but luckily I caught hold of a



little bush and held on with a scream until assistance arrived and lifted me from my perilous situation."

Again from mother, she says: "After my father was well of the wound in his elbow it was always very stiff in the joint, so much so that he had a knife made with a blade eighteen inches long to use while eating, that he might reach his mouth with that arm."

Josiah Tanner now stands before us a patriot of Revolutionary times, of glorious deeds; he had done his work for his country; peace is at hand, he turns his attention to his increasing family, their wants are many, his services for his country are unpaid. After dearly bought peace had come, we find him looking after his dues from his country, he is measurably helpless for making a living by his manual labor. His efforts for his dues were successful.

In 1785, five years after being disabled, he received pay for horse lost in action and payment for services while in the army; also at this time he was further rewarded by being awarded a pension to help him along with his infirmity. There is no other history or tradition to write, for the ten or eleven years, when we find him on his way over the mountains to the "Dark and Bloody Ground;"—the wilderness of Kentucky, and here he tarried for the remainder of his years, where he had a dry goods and grocery business at Bethlehem on the Ohio River. Here for a few years he watched his children grow up to men and women (at least the greater part), choosing their life mates and passing to their own homes.

At this time the bugle sounded "tattoo" and "lights out." This great lover of his country passed to the great beyond, November 1st, 1807. Love to his memory.

March 6, 1907.

M. J. TRACY.



### Children of Josiah and Martha Tanner

The larger part of these sons and daughters settled in Indiana; some of them went to Illinois and others remained about the "Old Kentucky Home." Names and location so far as known:

Sally Tanner married Samuel Crittenden. Settled in Columbus, Ind. Died there.

Lucy Tanner.

Martha Tanner.

Matthew Tanner married Margaret Stillwell. Settled in Jackson County, Indiana. Died there.

Samuel Tanner married. Settled near Golconda, Illinois, then to Thackston, Mo.

Ann Tanner.

Elizabeth Tanner married Wm. Tracy. Settled in Johnson County, Indiana. He died in Indiana and she in Illinois.

Creed Tanner married the second time and remained in Kentucky. Died there.

Mary Tanner married James Tracy. Settled in Johnson County, Indiana. Settled five miles north of Franklin and both died in the county.

Keziah Tanner married Dan Dawson and remained in Kentucky. Died there. Their family of six children, with Grandmother Lemasters, came to Indiana.

John Tanner married. Settled near Golconda, Ill. Died there.

John Tanner married. Settled near Golconda, Ill. Died there.





Eleanor Tanner married Thomas McGannon. Settled near Vernon, Ind. Died there.

Thomas Tanner married second time. Settled near Golconda, Ill. Died there.

Lucy, Martha and Ann, not certain who they married.

This March 6th, 1908.

M. J. TRACY.



O. W &amp; N. DIVISION

3—525

J. R. W. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

NO. 9503 WID.

BUREAU OF PENSIONS

REV. WAR

WASHINGTON, D. C., APR, 9, 1902

Sir:—In reply to your request for a statement of the military history of Josiah Tanner, a soldier of the Revolutionary War, you will find below the desired information as contained in his widow's application for pension on file in this Bureau:

Date of Enlistment or Appointment	Length of Service	Rank	Officers Under Whom Service was Rendered		State
			Captain	Colonel	
May, 1780	18 Mos.	Lieut.	McBee	Roebuck	South Carolina

Battles engaged in, King's Mountain (where he was wounded.)

Residence of soldier at enlistment, probably Oldham County, S. C.

Date of application for pension, by widow, August 14, 1843.

Residence at date of application, of widow, Johnson County, Indiana.

Age at date of application, of widow, 87 years.

Remarks:—He married Martha (surname not stated) Dec. 1, 1771, in Mecklenburg County, Va., and died Nov. 1, 1807. She remarried Abraham Lemasters, September, 1826, who died Nov. 3, 1837, and she was pensioned as former widow of Josiah Tanner.

Very respectfully,

L. M. KELLY, Deputy Commissioner.

Mr. M. J. Tracy, Whiteland, Ind.



## STATE OF CAROLINA

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

By the Secretary of State

To All To Whom These Presents Come, Greeting:

This is to certify that the records of this office show Revolutionary Indent No. 1150, Book X, to have been issued in favor of Josiah Tanner for seventy-six pounds, three shillings and six pence in payment of two hundred and thirty-seven days Militia Duty, as Lieutenant of Horse, in the year 1780, in Captain McBee's Company, Robuck's Regiment, as per account audited.

Principal 76. 3. 6.  $\frac{3}{4}$ . Annual interest 5. 6. 7.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the State, at Columbia, this the twelfth day of November, A. D., 1903.

[SEAL]

J. T. GANTT,  
Secretary of State.



THE GENEALOGIES OF THE  
DEPARTMENT OF STATE  
SOUTH CAROLINA  
J. T. GANTT, Secretary of State

COLUMBIA, NOV. 13, 1903.

Mr. Mathew J. Tracy,  
Whiteland, Ind.

Dear Sir:—I am sending you, enclosed herein, a certificate of the service of your grandfather, Josiah Tanner, in the Revolutionary War. I regret, after thorough search, I am unable to find the record of Nathaniel Tracy. I find evidence of the service of his brother, James Tracy. As you understand these records are by no means complete, being compiled from Loose Papers, Stub-Books, Revolutionary Pay Rolls, Indents, Etc., over which, for many years, no special care or attempt at preservation has been had.

The two dollars you sent will be sufficient pay for the search required, but \$1.07, which the law provides for attaching the seal to any paper, you should remit.

If I can serve you further I will take pleasure in doing so.

Very truly yours,  
R. M. McCOWN.





**MARTHA WOOTTEN TANNER LEMASTERS****Life Sketch from Facts, Historical and Traditional.**

The first knowledge of Martha Tanner was at fifteen years of age, living in Mecklinburg County in "Old" Virginia on the Roanoke River, where she was married to Josiah Tanner, and after her marriage she remained in the vicinity of her old home, probably as much as eight years. We next find her in South Carolina on the French Broad River near Cherokeeford. After being here a short time the battle of King's Mountain was fought, and she at her home was in hearing of that battle, where, tradition tells us, she walked the yard during the day with a baby (her son Samuel) in her arms two months old, in great distress, as to the outcome of that engagement, and late the same evening her husband, Josiah Tanner, came home with his wounded arm, when she became his nurse until the wound was healed, then leaving her to care for herself and children, returned to his duties as a soldier, and continued his service to the end of his enlistment, and rejoined his family, where they continued to live until 1796, when the family moved to the wilds of Kentucky, and located in what now is Henry County. After living here eleven years she was left a widow by the death of her husband, Josiah Tanner, in the year 1807, November 1st.

She continued to live here, raising her family to mature manhood and womanhood and all had chosen their life partners and retired to their own homes. Some of them located in Illinois and the larger part of them in Indiana. At that time being measurably alone, she in 1826 was married the second time to Abraham Lemasters. After this in 1834 she decided to emigrate to Indiana, and located in Johnson County, entering and making a home in the heavy timber and



brushy wilderness, on the west half of the northeast quarter of Section 28, Township 13 north, Range 4 east, being 80 acres. Edgar Brewer's home is on this land. This entry was made June 6th, 1834.

This land was adjoining my father's homestead on the west and in sight of my birthplace on the Madison and Indianapolis State Road, and laying a half mile west of what is now Whiteland and south of the present pike. It was my good fortune and great pleasure to often be at her little log cabin home eating corn bread, "ash cakes" baked between cabbage leaves in the fire place between the dog irons (two stones) on a flat stone covered with embers and fire coals. This with the ever ready milk and butter, was a substantial dinner for the *little boy* that I was. Little she thought at that time that this little grandson, who she was feeding on ash pone, milk and butter, would in the near future in the Civil War, be fighting her people in her native land, on the historic old river Roanoke in old Virginia. Had she thought as much, having passed through the turmoils of the Revolutionary War, and with fervid patriotism and love of country that she possessed, it would have almost broken her heart, at the thought.

A year before making her home in the wilderness the Methodist Church organized a class in the neighborhood, and her cabin home when finished and occupied, became one of the citizens and classes place of worship; these meetings were held at different places that would be found most convenient to the membership. There was no church building in reasonable reach at that time. It is a great satisfaction at this late day that I was often at these meetings at my grandmother's home. Not very often was there preaching, but class



and prayer meetings were the usual features of the services.

It is still remembered that on several occasions she led the services seated in her big arm chair with the big old family Bible on her lap, would read from and then explain from and exhort to the little congregation, and then kneel in prayer, being strong in body, mind and spiritual gifts, a devoted christian, she was able to make her words and appeals to the divine, both heard and felt by her hearers. The glorious and glowing words that fell from her lips, have been to the little boy, that was present then, and to the present time, a wealth of many happy thoughts.

This old Bible has quite an interesting history, that should be known to those interested. When her father, Samuel Wootten, made his will in 1814, a short time before his death, he willed to her one-fifth of his estate, three or four slaves and the family Bible. When the estate was settled up she sent her son, Creed Tanner, and son-in-law, Daniel Dawson and wife, Keziah, from Oldham County, Kentucky, to Mecklinburg County, Va., to bring her portion of the estate to her; the daughter, Keziah, brought the Bible over the mountains to Kentucky on horseback. On moving to Indiana the Bible was brought along and after her death the grandson, Creed H. Dawson, moved to Illinois, taking the Bible with him, then moving again to Kansas, the old Bible made its last trip. The grandson dying his children disagreed as to who should have the book, and was finally settled by one of them tearing out the family records for her portion. After quite a chase a copy of the family record was secured for the T. T. G's. Before leaving Kentucky, and not finding any use for the slaves, she gave them away as useless property.



In the year 1837 her second husband was called to his final rest, and was buried in the woods near their residence, but the grave is unknown at this time and has been plowed over for fifty or more years. He too was a Revolutionary soldier. The place of burial is almost a southwest course from the residence of the owner of the land on which the remains were laid to rest—now owned by Edgar Brewer. A few years later Martha Tanner Lemasters changed her residence from Johnson County to Jennings County, Indiana, and made her home with her youngest daughter, Eleanor McGannon, four miles south of Vernon, where in 1843 she made application for pension on the service of her first husband, Josiah Tanner, and was allowed by the pension department at Washington, commencing March 4th, 1843, at the rate of \$131.64 per year, and drew it until her death July 4th, 1851. In her application for pension there were some facts brought to light to establish her claim to pension that are very interesting. One witness, Sally Crittenden, testified that when her father, Josiah Tanner, came home from the battle of King's Mountain late in the evening with a bullet wound through his right elbow, that there was no clothing in the house for him to make a change, as the Tories had plundered the house and carried all the clothes away.

As farther evidence in this claim the old Bible is doing duty again and the records were testified to as correct, that the thirteen children were her's and Josiah Tanner's, and their names and birth dates are of record in the Pension Department. This record is also given in the T. T. G's.

This oldest daughter, Sally Crittenden, further testifies that she had heard her father and mother say, that they did not have license to marry, that the bans were published three times in the Church, and after that they were married at the



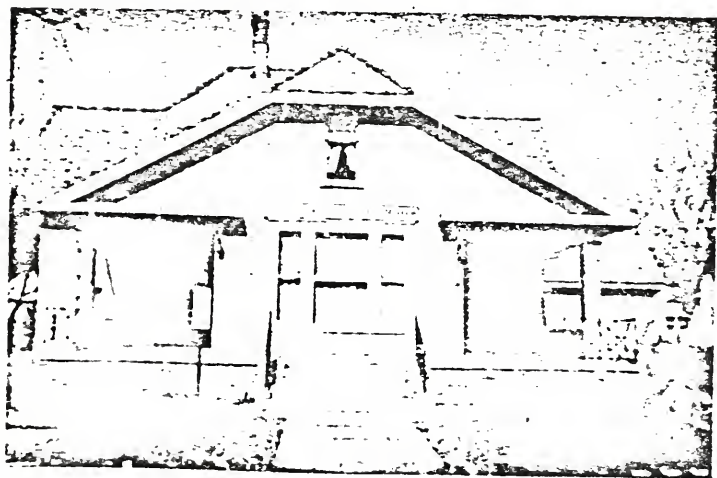


# Johnson County Historical Museum

150 West Madison

Franklin, Indiana

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## HISTORY OF THE MUSEUM

When Franklin celebrated its centennial in 1923, an old relics and heirloom display was arranged in the Masonic Temple, which had just been completed. This exhibit attracted much interest among hundreds of people, and paved the way for a Johnson County Museum to be established.

In July 1931, The Alexander Hamilton Chapter, Daughters of The American Revolution, under the direction of Mrs. William Schlosser, decided to undertake this project.

The County Commissioners gave permission to place the museum in the un-used basement room of the Courthouse. The collection of relics, heirlooms and treasures began and many articles of historical significance and educational value were given by some of the older citizens and families in the county. The museum was housed in these rooms for thirty years, but during World War II the space was needed and the museum was closed to the public.

When the Civil War Centennial began in January 1961, a new interest revived. The D.A.R. persuaded Mrs. Robert B. Hougham to be chairman of their Museum Committee. Miss Clara Suckow, as a memorial to her family, gave her home to the County for use as a Museum.

Mr. and Mrs. Hougham, with the help of Mr. L. W. Patterson, who refinished and repaired much of the furniture, have done an excellent job in collecting and arranging the displays.

The restoration of the 8,000 or more items was made possible by generous contributions of clubs, groups, organizations and interested citizens throughout the county. The County Commissioners, through the budget, pay for utilities, major repairs and maintenance. The Johnson County Historical Society has taken an active part in contributing funds for the upkeep of the Museum.

Each year brings changes and improvements to the ever growing collection which speaks so eloquently of the past. Many relics and treasures housed in the Museum were brought to Johnson County from Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Virginia, North Carolina, Maryland, etc., when the early settlers moved to the new state in the early 1800's. Articles date back to the 1600's - 1700's, Revolutionary War days and Civil War days. A fine collection of the Civil War period is displayed throughout the house, along with World War I and II items. A fine collection of dresses from 1827 - 1900 attract much attention and depict the fashions and styles of that century.

Individuals and nations take their greatest inspiration through the continued remembrance of a glorious past, and the purpose of a Museum is to show the present generation the way our pioneers and early settlers lived, as well as our country's rich tradition of craftsmanship in the household arts.

The Johnson County Historical Museum is a storehouse of knowledge, a history of its pioneer people come to life. A visit to the Museum revives one's patriotism and gives a revaluation of the ideas and sacrifices of the men and women who established this country.

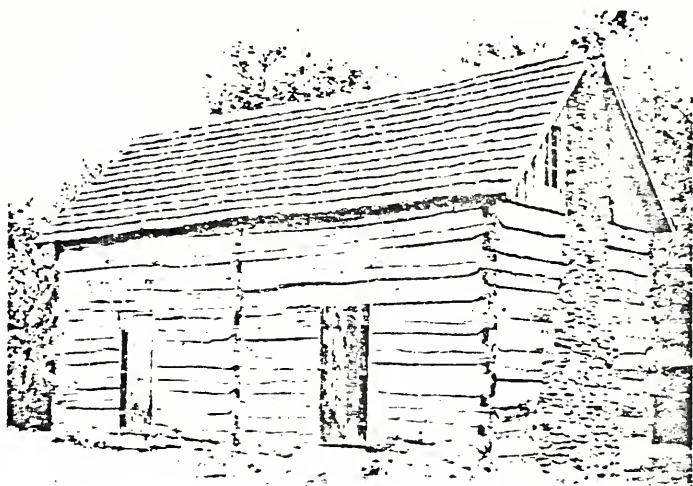
Most items are tagged as to what they are and who gave them to the Museum. Many of the tools were hand made back in the days when one couldn't go to a store but relied on one's own ingenuity and resources to take care of a situation.

No admittance is charged but a bowl is on the table for a free will offering, if the visitors so desire.

Mrs. Hougham continued as Curator from 1961 until the end of 1971, collecting and labeling, organizing our present Museum. January 1, 1972 Mrs. Hermann R. Henry began her duties as the new Curator.

The Museum is open selected days of the year (advertised in The Daily Journal) and by appointment to clubs, groups, individuals and out-of-town visitors by calling in advance: Mrs. Hermann R. Henry 535-8604, Mrs. Richard Suckow, 736-7561 or Mrs. Norbert Vaught, 738-2710.





### THE LOG CABIN

The Johnson County Historical Museum is proud to have this Pioneer Log Cabin added to its grounds for preservation. It was given to the Johnson County Historical Society by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mitchell, the present owners of the land where the cabin was built by Lewis Hendricks in 1835.

Byron Mozingo, President of the Johnson County Historical Society in 1967, spent many hours with a small group of carpenters, in moving and erecting the cabin.

As far as possible, the furnishings in this cabin belonged to early settlers who came in the 1800's — and shows how they lived and what they used.

Johnson County's pioneers are recognized on gold name bars, given by friends and descendants and permanently mounted on a special walnut plaque displayed inside the cabin.

Everyone is invited to participate. A donation is given, a brief biography of the ancestors is published in The Daily news. These histories will be published in book form and for sale during the Johnson County Sesquicentennial — 1973. This is sponsored by the Historical Society, which also sells the 1888 Banta and the 1913 Branigan History reprints.

Visiting Hours — Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M.  
Other Hours by appointment

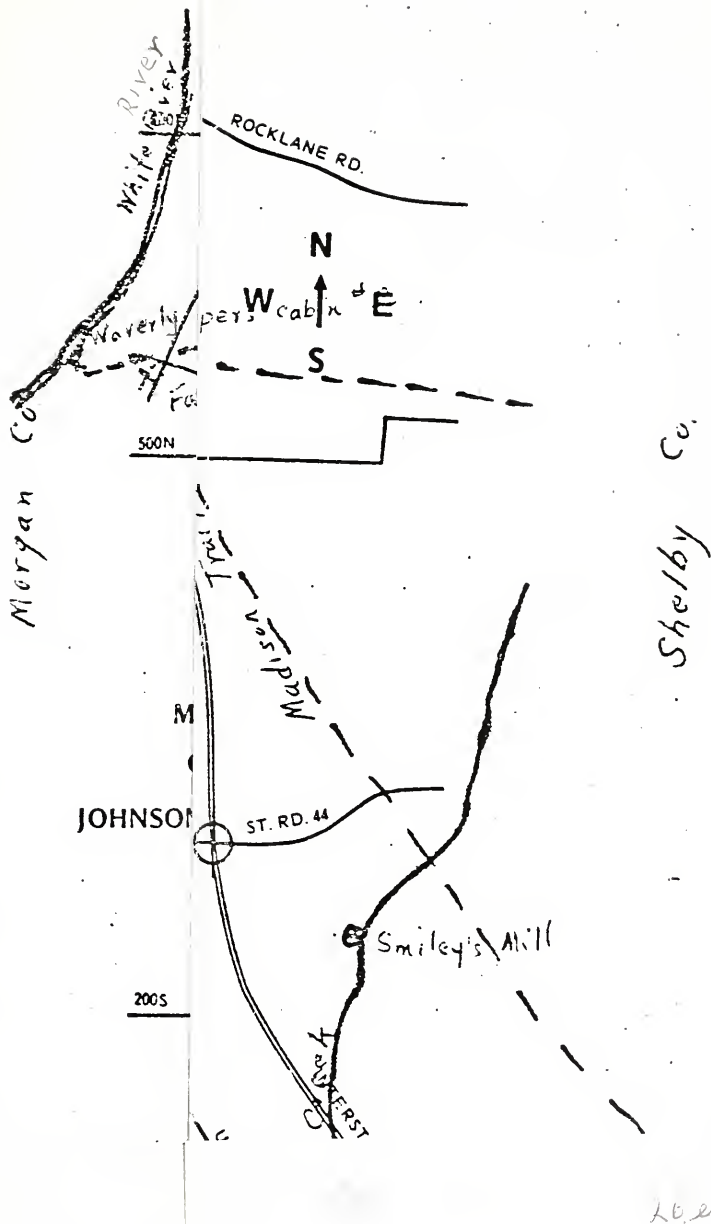


## ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST IN THE MUSEUM

1. Hair Wreaths — hobby of young girls ca. 1850
  2. Brass Foot Armor used as a stirrup in the 14th century
  3. First Kodak in Franklin
  4. Brass Candlestick, belonging to John Hart, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.
  5. Picture made from figures cut from Godey and Peterson Magazines by Sarah Deitch Sibert, Great Granddaughter of Jacob Wetzel.
  6. Wooten desk — one of the great "patent secretary desks", hand made by Indiana's Rev. William S. Wooten. Made of Indiana Walnut, one of the few in existence. (General Grant's in the Smithsonian)
  7. Brass Key to the padlock of one of the first jails in Franklin. The first jail was accepted by the Commissioners in 1827.
  8. Picture of Franklin in 1876, before the present Court House was built.
  9. Desk belonging to Colonel Haviland Gifford, who carried it through the Civil War on the back of a wagon. It saw Lee's surrender.
  10. Fan carried to the Ford Theater the night Abraham Lincoln was shot. Mrs. Johns was a guest in the Lincoln box. Blood stains show on the fan.
  11. Shot picked up on the battlegrounds at Gettysburg, after the close of the Civil War.
  12. Old cup and saucer from the first set of dishes in Indianapolis — 1823.
  13. "Rebecca at the Well" teapot, originally belonged to Caroline Scott Harrison, wife of President Benjamin Harrison. Mrs. Harrison was the first National President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1892.
  14. Spoon brought over on the Mayflower in 1620. Quite worn from use.
  15. Bread basket woven from rushes, prior to 1820. grown on farm in Clark County, Indiana.
  16. Lantern waved as first train came through Franklin and is to be waved again as the last train goes through the County Seat.
  17. Old tin bathtub, still in original setting.
  18. Flag display
  19. Old sewing machine, patented by Ketchum in 1863, used on the front lines during the Civil War.
  20. Special Guest Displays, and this will change periodically.
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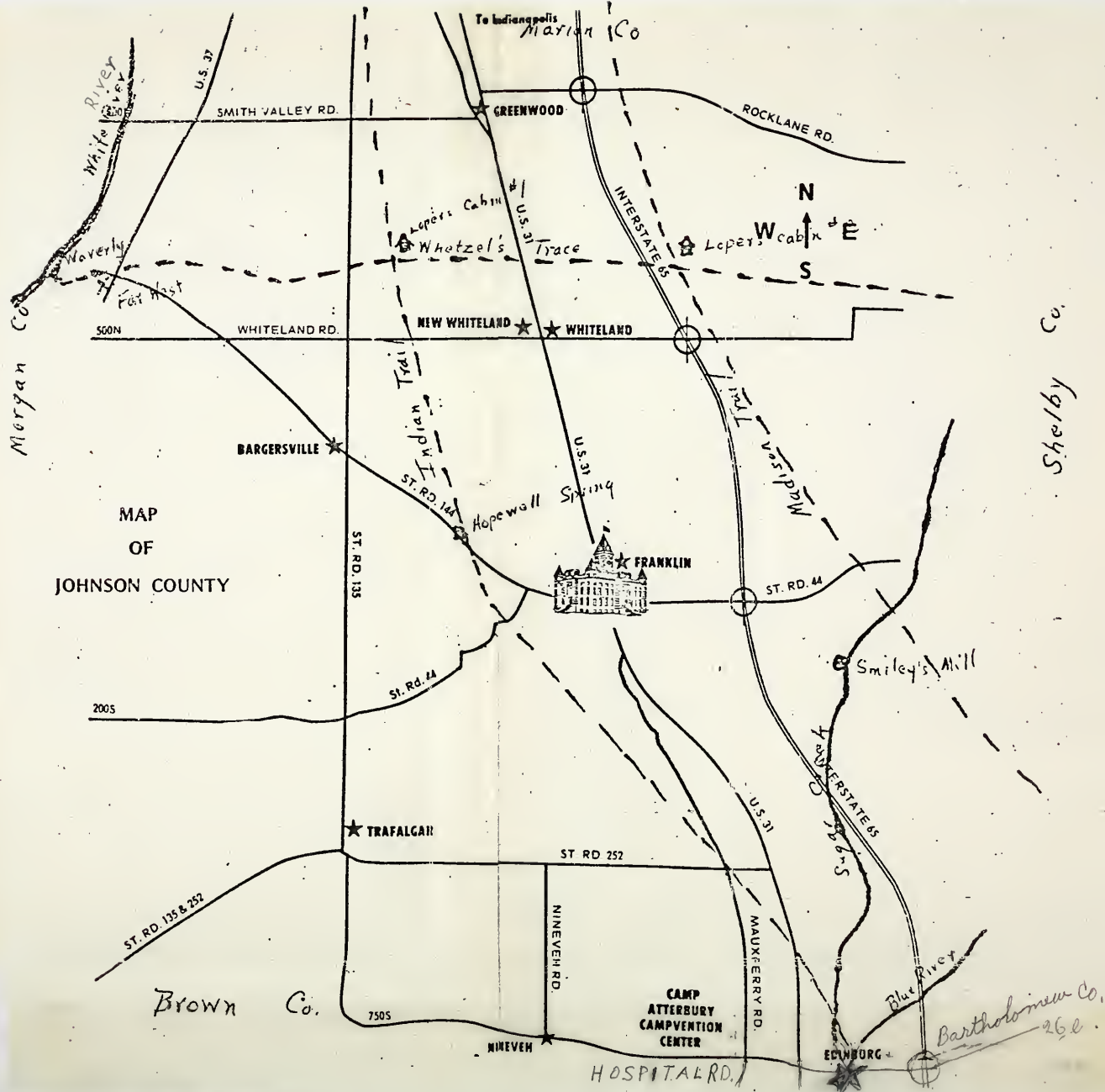




and a frame building built on the south of the square until the present court house, started in 1879 could be completed.

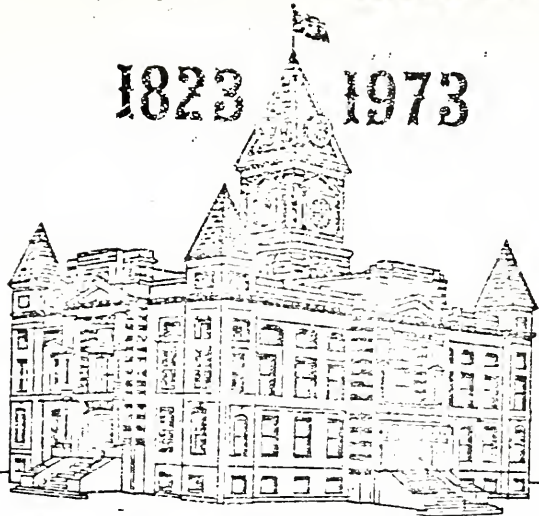


MAP  
OF  
JOHNSON COUNTY





1823 1973



COURT HOUSE - 1879  
FRANKLIN, IND.

#### THE EARLY COURT

The first term of the Johnson County Circuit Court held in March 1824 was originally started in the home of John Smiley on Sugar Creek but after a brief session it was moved to the home of George King. The court brought together the male population of the county; some on foot, some on horseback, dressed in homespun garb, carrying the trusty rifle on their shoulder. Court day was also the occasion for the telling of the latest news and of the new arrivals who were beginning to pour into the county that had been hewn from the wilderness. The officers of the first term court were Judge William W. Wick, Samuel Herriott, Clerk; John Smiley, Sheriff and Calvin Fletcher, one of the founders of Indianapolis, as the lawyer. The jury consisted of fifteen men, "all good and lawful men and discreet householders." The term of court lasted one day and during the day Judge Wick found time to lie down on George King's workbench and "shake with ague."

The court adjourned to meet the following September, 1824, at the house of George King. On this date the court met as designated at King's home, but adjourned immediately to a more convenient place, in the "town of Franklin," the seat of justice in the county. The "convenient house" referred to was the first court house erected in the county. It stood on the site now occupied by the Artcraft theatre. The court house was built of logs and court was held in this primitive building until 1831 when a brick structure, erected on the present public square, was built for \$1176.50. This brick structure burned in 1849, after which another brick building was erected upon the same site at a cost of \$10,684. This, too, burned in 1874. Therefore the commissioners had a frame building built on the south of the square until the present court house, started in 1879 could be completed.

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## HISTORIC SITES TO VISIT IN JOHNSON COUNTY

1. Johnson County Museum and Log Cabin
2. Franklin College, organized 1834
3. Bethel Church, at 252 and Airport Road
4. Friendship Cemetery, oldest couple buried there.
5. Site of Furnas Mill Dam in Atterbury Recreation Area
6. Thompson Mill Dam, Cemetery on the Hill and the "Walnut Vener Capital of the World"
7. Site of the Barnett grave in the middle of the road east of Sugar Creek, Amity Road.
8. Site of John Smiley's cabin (1st Court here) and Mill on Greensburg Road
9. Urmeville, once considered as possibility for county seat.
10. Needham Village and Needham Methodist Church just north.
11. Site of Dan'l Lopers cabin on Whetzel Trace, on Fitzpatrick farm, Hurricane Road past Hurricane Creek
12. Rocklane, first called Clarksburg, and Rocklane Church, built in 1873
13. Polk Cannery in Greenwood, and Greenwood Museum in the Polk Building
14. Far West, ghost town and site of Jacob Whetzel's grave, south of Waverly.
15. Doty Hill — south of Center Grove, where lived the first settlers
16. Denny Place, State Road 37 Where lived Abraham Sells, the first English White man to enter White River Township, Indian Chief "White" left there in 1820.
17. Hopewell Spring, on the ancient river trace, Road 144
18. Trafalgar, formerly called "Liberty"
19. Nineveh, formerly called "Williamsburg"



The first Circuit Court met at the home of John Smiley on October 16, 1823. This marker has been placed on this spot by Mr. and Mrs. Chelsea Dinn and the Louis O. Johnson family.

26, 4.





## JOHN HART

It was the summer of 1776 when the Declaration of Independence was signed. Fifty-six men, devoted to their belief in a Creator who had fashioned them in His image and likeness, would rather be free than enslaved. The colonies participating had voted unanimously for Freedom. Each man present fully realized what his vote meant in terms of personal danger if this should fail. The penalty for treason was death by hanging. So many lost their fortunes, their health and their lives.

The enemy encamped at Trenton. Living near the town was "Honest John" Hart, one of the five New Jersey signers. He had a large farm and several grist mills. Hart strongly resented British taxation, asserting that he felt himself a slave if taxed "to the value of a straw" without representation.

While his wife lay on her deathbed, Hessian soldiers descended upon Hart's property, damaging his mills and devastating his farmland. He was hunted like an escaped criminal as he fled through the woods, sleeping in caves or any haven he could find. One night Honest John was so hard pressed for a place of safety that he slept with a big dog.

By the time this sixty-five-year-old man could return to his scorched land, broken in health by anxiety and hardship, his wife had died. His thirteen children were scattered in every direction.

Give a second look at the Brass Candle Holder in the Johnson County Museum, once belonging to "Honest John" Hart.

### NOTES OF INTEREST

Doubtless hundreds of Indians are buried in Johnson County. The burying places are not known since the Indians left no markers. They were very slow to leave White River Township.

The first settler in Johnson County was John Campbell, who built a cabin at what is now Edinburg, in March 1820. It was in that year that J. Co. lands were thrown open to purchase.

### REVOLUTIONARY WAR SOLDIERS OF JOHNSON COUNTY

"Beneath the roots of tangled weeds  
Afar in county graveyards lie,  
The men whose unrecorded deeds  
Have stamped this nation's destiny."

David Adams  
Ambrose Armstrong  
John Perry Barnett  
Nathaniel Bell  
James Carr  
Bartholomew Carrell  
John Duke  
John Hamner  
Abner Hanks  
Jeremiah Harrell  
Joshua Harrie

John Israel  
Samuel Jacobs  
Adam Lash  
John McClintock  
William McCool  
Samuel Nay  
John Parr  
Mathias Parr  
John Poe  
Thomas Smith  
James Thompson

26, 18





GEORGE KING

When Indiana was admitted into the Union as a state in 1816, George King (Born 1782 in Virginia), saw the possibilities in the new country north of the Ohio River. Soon a site for a new state capital was chosen. Johnson County was established on December 31, 1822, with King playing a leading role in its organization.

He purchased land where the seat of government was to be located. He was joined by Simon Covert, Garrett Bergen and David McCaslin. The name "Franklin" was chosen at the suggestion of Samuel Herriott who had just read "The Life of Dr. Benjamin Franklin".

King camped the first night where Franklin College is now located and the next day he began to build his first cabin, where West Jefferson and Walnut Streets now intersect. Part of his family is buried in Province Park, on the knoll, which was first known as "Pioneer Park" because the early pioneers were buried there.

George King was not only founder of the town of Franklin, but he also started the First Presbyterian Church in his cabin in 1824. He gave land to Franklin College and was on its first Board of Directors, 1835-1840. He was the town's postmaster for fourteen years and served as Justice of the Peace. He was the first president of the Cemetery Board.

Along with his many civic activities King continued his work as a wheelwright and a merchant, but he took a special interest in agriculture. He eventually accumulated what was then considered a large estate. On his death his will revealed that, after providing for his wife and other members of his family, he had bequeathed large sums to Hanover College, the American Tract Society, the American Bible Society, and other such organizations. This will has been given to the Johnson County Historical Museum by one of King's descendants, and has been placed in the "George King Collection", which also includes old sale bills, tax receipts, and little scraps of paper, many dating back to 1826, and all signed by some of the earliest citizens of Franklin.

By his foresight and public as well as private benefactions, he set the pace for other civic-minded citizens during the past century and a half.



Records have always been kept but early log cabin court houses burned. The "Great Swamp" or "The Gult" as some of the low land was called, because it was so wet and unable to be planted, has now all been drained and considered some of the richest farming land in the county.

A road from Mauks Ferry (Mauckport) on the Ohio River was cut up to Indianapolis right through Johnson County so this opened another way for men to come from Kentucky up into Indiana and bring their families to settle here. Other early settlers were from Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia and the Carolina's. Many of these early settlers names are quite prevalent in our newspapers today.

Probably the most serious obstacle in the way of the first early settlers was the great sickness with only old fashioned doctors and medicine. There were an abundance of rattlesnakes that crawled, hissed and rattled in every thicket. One man killed 30 in one year. There were so many wolves that the rearing of sheep for many years was impossible. Flies, gnats and mosquitoes were everywhere. The squirrels swarmed in the woods and ate the corn as it grew tall. With the help of raccoons not a single bushel of corn was saved by some farmers in 1821. Often times the farmers hired "Squirrel hunters" to keep the animals from their crops. Deer were plentiful, wild turkeys, bears, wild cats, rabbits, —some good for food and some only a nuisance.

The people were as interested in education as they were religion and so they built log cabins to be used as a school. The windows were covered with oiled paper, fire place in one end, and the children sat on split logs and then boards were laid upon pins driven into the wall, with an upward slant, and these were used for writing tables.

People saved what money they could get. Luxurious living was not thought of and extravagant expenditures were seldom indulged. Men were honest and paid their debts. They worked together, met together, worshiped together, and the children of the neighbors married each other.

There was an excitement in this new world, living and the making a new state and a pride in America and the United States which was being built. These people knew not of California or how far it was to get there. They lived for each day and for each other. The father provided for his family. What food and clothing they had they appreciated. Those people from Ireland, England, Scotland, Germany and France have intermarried through the years until now these beginnings are forgotten. Those were our early pioneers.



## JACOB WHETZEL

In 1817 Jacob Whetzel, then living in Brookville, Indiana bought a tract of land in Greene County. The usually traveled route from the Whitewater country to the new purchase was by the way of the Ohio and the Wabash rivers. But Whetzel was a born and trained woodsman. He had been hunting and trapping wild beasts and fighting Indians all his life. He had served as a spy and scout with the armies. So he was determined to cut through rather than go around. He took his 18 year old son and four stout axmen and blazed and cut a trail until they came to the bluffs of White River (in Johnson County just south of Indianapolis). Indians were passed and later seen to be around their camp fire so they picked up and forged their way ahead that night, but they were never bothered by said Indians. The White River Bluffs was a favorite meeting place for the Indians. Since this county was a good hunting place for these red men, the creek in the lower part of our county is called Indian Creek. One District of the Boy Scouts is called Whetzel Trace.

Jacob Whetzel finally reached his destination across his blazoned trail and to his newly purchased land. Many people followed him and when they camped on the Bluffs it became a popular place and since it was so near the middle of the state it was finally chosen to be the capital. Thus Indian (apolis) got its name.

Daniel Loper built the first log cabin and was the first settler here. In 1822 George King came from Kentucky to settle in Franklin, our county seat. He took it upon himself to see that the territory lying between Shelby and Morgan counties was duly organized and named Johnson after one of the judges of the first Supreme Court of the State, John Johnson.

People began coming in, cutting trees to make their homes, farming, hunting, lumbering, grist milling, — the blacksmith, the shoemaker, the wheelwright, etc. Churches and general stores were built.

From 1822, when Governor William Hendricks approved Johnson County as a part of the State of Indiana with 550 inhabitants, we have now grown to one of the fastest growing counties in Indiana with a population today of over 60,000.







home of Colonel Rumford (Later investigation seems to establish this name as Mumford) in Mecklinburg County, Virginia, December 1st, 1771, by the Rev. Parson Sample, whom she had seen and heard preach often. This evidence was given from memory of these matters happening before she was seven years old, and seventy years old when she testified. She also remembered of her father stopping at home and telling her mother that he was carrying a message from General Morgan to Colonel Washington at Charlette, N. C., for him to come and help him whip Colonel Tarleton at Cow Pens. Martha Tanner was also in hearing of this battle.

On Sunday the 7th of October, 1906, fifty-five years after her remains were laid to rest in the Cemetery at Freedom, Baptist Church, four miles south of Vernon, Ind, on the State road, the once little grandson, now an old man, stood at the grave of Martha Tanner Lemasters, sad and sorrowful, weeping for the long past dear memories of this grand, good woman, whom I loved so well, and I know my love was returned with bounteous measure. On her tomb stone was the following record:

### MARTHA LEMASTERS

Died

July 4th, 1857, Aged 96 Years

She was a faithful wife,

And affectionate mother,

And a devoted Christian.

Rest to her ashes.

Joy and peace to her Soul.

This March 3rd, 1908.

M. J. TRACY.



**JAMES TRACY—MARY TANNER.**

James Tracy, second son of Nathaniel Tracy, was born May —, 1785, on the eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountains, near the southern line of North Carolina and near the French Broad River. This section of the country was his home for the first eleven years of his life, when with his father's family, they emigrated to Kentucky, to what is now Henry County in the year 1796. For the next eight years he experienced the usual round of labor in assisting his father in clearing the wild land for cultivation and raising the usual crops for the maintainance of the family.

Mary Tanner, daughter of Josiah Tanner, was born December 16th, 1789, near Cheerokeeford on the French Broad River in South Carolina. At the age of seven years she, with her father's family, emigrated to Kentucky in the year 1796, in what is now Henry County, same State, she continued with her father's family for the following eight years, and was engaged in work of the household for the maintainance of the family, when James Tracy and Mary Tauner were married on the 27th of September, 1804.

James Tracy and Mary Tanner Tracy were my father and mother and will so address them as such in these memories—Father, Mother.

It may be interesting to the "elite" of the present times to know how well they dressed in the early wilderness times. Father's wedding suit, as brought down by tradition, was as follows: Coat, pants and vest were of home made Flax Linen, low-cut hand-made shoes, woolen socks and straw hat, the hat too was made by the folks at home.

Mother was somewhat chary about her wedding fix-up, but enough was learned that it was some kind of a cotton



goods from her father's store at Bethlehem on the Ohio River.

Soon after their marriage they located on the Little Kentucky, near the homes of their parents, beginning the hard laborious life that lay before them; their personal effects were very limited and daily labor was their hopes for a living and prospects for the future. Land was to be had for the taking by claim, and they early in their married life had made a home for themselves. In a few years five children had come to their care, when father went into the service for the war of 1812 to 1815 with England. While in this service he passed through the wilderness of Indiana on the march to the Northern frontier, and the fine land he passed over made a lasting impression on his mind. So much so that he determined as soon as fortune favored him and he was financially able, to take the benefit of a portion of it for his future home for himself and his family. All attention and intentions were from this time on directed to the savings that would enable them to go to the new country.

The great dependence for the family clothing was to come from the woman and her help in the house. With mother, it was spin and weave, cut and make, for a fast growing family of children, and increasing in numbers, who as soon as able had to take their part in the work and share the mother's burden. As the boys grew up and were able to help, surpluses were made on the farm, but the market was far away, the only certain market was New Orleans. Father then decided to do his own shipping by the rivers, on the flat boat as a last resort. So there was nothing else to do and father and the boys built the boat on the Little Kentucky, and loaded it with the product of his own and his boys' labor on the farm, and when it was loaded he floated down the



Little Kentuck into the Ohio, down the Ohio to the Mississippi, down the Mississippi to New Orleans, where the load was sold in the markets of that city, and the boat was sold for "what he could get for it." The hardest part of the trip was now met, a long walk from New Orleans through the Indian Nations with hired man for company, heavily loaded with product of sales in silver money, and his ever ready rifle on his shoulder, he returned to his home on the lovely Little Kentuck. If tradition serves me right father made three trips of this kind.

After twenty-four years of their married life in Kentucky, their older children having arrived at the age of mature years, were at any time likely to decide to do for themselves, so father and mother decided it was time to make the break for the new country (the wilderness of Indiana). The arrangements were completed, mother on horseback, father on foot, about six hundred dollars, mostly silver, and his gun was not forgotten, the journey in the early morning was begun.

The first day in the evening brought them to the home of Uncle Thomas McGannon, four miles south of Vernon in Jennings County, Ind. Here the silver money was left for a time for the reason that it was too heavy to carry; there were other reasons for leaving it presumably, more for safety. Some one was to be found to send back for it, with an order having certain particulars on it, so that Uncle Tom might not be deceived in handing the money over to the messenger when he should arrive.

The second day of the journey brought them to Columbus, Bartholomew County, where they stopped over night with Uncle Samuel Crittenden, Aunt Sally Crittenden being mother's oldest sister. The journey was resumed on the third day in the early morning and at night fall they had





traveled about forty-five miles; that brought them to the home of Uncle William Tracy and Aunt Betsy Tanner Tracy, another of mother's sisters, who lived on Buck Creek in Marion County, Ind.

From here the land seeking exercises commenced by looking over the northern part of Johnson County. Several pieces of choice land were located. For their own home, a quarter section five miles north of Franklin was decided on, lying on the State Road. The southwest part of Whiteland lying south of the pike, is also on the same old home place. A half mile south of this was located 80 acres, and half mile north 80 acres more. In the Glade neighborhood on either side of the Worthsville road a hundred and sixty acres more, which made all told, four hundred and eighty acres, costing Government price six hundred dollars, \$600. The money left with Uncle Tom McGannon was sent for, "and a night and a day brought it"—who the messenger was I never learned. The entry was soon made and certificates of entry were secured and patents were issued by the General Government, dated November 12th, 1828. As soon as this work was completed and secure, father and mother returned to their home in the hills on the Little Kentuck, when preparations were set going for the vacating of their home there, and for the making of a new home in the brushy woods of the Hoosier State.

On the morning after the election of Jackson to the Presidency of the United in 1828, three brothers, John, Nathaniel and Thomas, with a four-horse team and wagon, loaded with provisions, camping outfit and the necessary tools for their prospective work, went on their way to make the beginning for a home in the woods on father's and mother's



chosen site for their new home on the beautiful lands of their, to be, adopted State.

On arriving at the prospective home the first in order to be done, was to prepare a temporary camp, preparatory to clearing off the house site of brush and trees for the location of the cabin.

Nathaniel was the teamster, and before leaving them to return home he hauled the logs for the building then left them to do the work on the house. Boards from the oak in the forest was the covering. The ever ready ax and broad ax in ready and willing hands, soon scetched it down, split puncheons for the floor, boards rived from the oak made the door, chinked and daubed with clay closed the cracks in the walls, and made back and jams, and the same material for the hearth, sticks and clay made the stem of the chimney. Such was the reception room when the remainder of the family come on early in the following February. All told the family, both old and young, numbered thirteen. How all this family managed to cook, eat and sleep in this cabin, in size about eighteen by twenty feet square, is a wonder to the thoughtful, who may wish to compare with the present homes of our people at this late day.

Early on the following morning after their arrival father requested mother to go out and locate the site for their future dwelling. This soon done, and within the hour, all hands, including father and four sons, ranging in age from eleven to twenty-one for the boys, little and big, all were willing to do their share, the timber was near at hand and cutting down, scoring and hewing, said to be "a jolly gang," was at work for a purpose, in a few days the timber was being put in the house or walls, and soon an additional room was completed,



(on the site for the new home) for the very desirable accommodation of the crowded family. It was also said that the girls lent their assisting hand in getting the brush out of the way and piling in heaps for burning. Let us look at the picture for a few minutes. Father with four boys and four girls all in the wild woods at work to build the greatly needed habitation; mother and the three little ones left in the cabin to cook for the hungry flock. How would that look to us in this late day of plenty and to spare?

The virgin soil had to be cleared of the small growth and the larger deadened. In this way the land was prepared for the first crops, though small, they were an absolute necessity for the family living. The wild animals were very plentiful and father and mother found the wild game a great help in assisting in supplying their every day wants at the table. The wild game consisted of deer, bear, turkey, quail, raccoon, opossum and squirrel. Honey also was very plentiful and could be had for the cutting down of the trees, where it was deposited by the busy little bees; this was called wild honey. The hides of the wild animals had a cash value, the fur bearing, such as coon, mink, muskrat, polecat and occasionally beaver were in demand. It was usual to designate one to go out and "bring in something to eat." At one time father went out and killed a bear about a quarter of a mile southwest of the home, (soon after getting here,) the meat being used on the table and was unanimously decided to be good, and afterward he killed one more. Deer meat (venison) was a very common meat diet for the table, and was a rare dish of meat for all of them. Deer skins were very valuable to the family, as they were dressed (tanned) at home and mostly made into gloves, mittens and pantaloons. Mother was quite an expert in the making of gloves and mittens, and would



make them in arm loads and sell them in Indianapolis, and with the proceeds buy "fixins" for the girls. Also travelers and wagoners were supplied. The dressing of these hides was quite a laborious piece of work. Lye made of ashes from the fireplace was used for taking off the hair, this was the beginning of the process of dressing the hide, the hair being in demand by the saddlers and collar makers, and was taken care of for that trade. The hide was then put to soak and the lye taken out. After soaking and washed thoroughly it was put to dry, and then commenced the staking over the staking board, and to be continued until dry and soft. It was a tedious and laborious work, but mother did most of the work and it had to be well done before she would lay it by for making the gloves. She would put in the process as many as a half dozen at the same time. Occasionally the older boys would be called in with their scutching boards to aid in staking and softening the hides.

I will now go back to mother's work in the house, where all the clothing for all the family had to be made from the raw material. Wool was to be taken from the sheep and washed, picked and carded into rolls, spun and wove, cut and made at the home in the first beginning of the settlement. Mother always at the helm, with three girls grown and another big enough to help to assist in all this work. Two big spinning wheels were kept going until that part of the work was done. Mother's work was warping, looming and weaving, though carding the wool into rolls for the spinners was her daily work, until that part was finished for the time being. In a few years carding machines took the place of making rolls by hand. Intermediate with the wool crop flax had to have equal attention; this mother always looked after, from the sowing of the seed to the pulling of the flax, drying





in the swath, thrashing off the seed, spreading out in the swath again to water (rot), then breaking, scutching and hackling. The most of this work was done by the men and boys, but in some of the work all took a part.

After the rough hackling the balance of the work was done by the help in the house, to the last stitch in the goods for the daily wear. Mother had her special work, first the coarse hackle, before the fine hackle, which seemed to make it as fine as silk, then the little spinning wheels were brought into play or use. Mother sat at her little wheel morning, noon and night, and often two little wheels were going. I believe it to be my first recollection to see mother spinning after I had gone to bed, and seeing her spinning when first awake in the morning. Mother made all her sewing thread from the flax, that made the gloves and our clothes, the result of her handwork. An additional item or two I will give here may interest some of the young women. Mother never had a cooking stove in her life, always cooked on or by the log-heap fire, baked bread in the fire, on the Johnnie cake board, in the skillet, the oven and in the reflector. Sewing machines were not known in her day, all sewing was done by hand with needle, thread and thimble. Mother was very handy in working nice flowers on my shirt collars and in many other ways. Cooking, eating, table and washing were looked after, soap making had its time for attention. I remember her watching the soap kettle and sewing and baking a big pone of sweet-corn bread by the log-heap fire in the yard, all at the same time. I must have been very small at that time, as I do not remember that I was called on to help in any particular.

It is necessary to go back again to the beginning in the



wilderness. A start in the way of improvements for the farm was being made, and still others were called for to further enlarge the farm, more house room was needed for the growing family.

Father decided to build a more substantial dwelling and the main building is still standing and occupied on the old home site at this time, is the one he commenced and partly finished, but far enough along that the family could take possession and live more comfortable. The work on this building was all done by his force of himself and sons. With ax and broad-ax the timbers were prepared and made ready for the workmen. His son John, a carpenter, led the work and the frame was soon up and covered with shingles from the drawing knife. The lumber for finishing the work was whip-sawed from the poplar near at hand; this too, was the work of the home force. One room was left unfinished, but closed with doors and open fire place, and all was occupied about a year, (and this brings us to the year 1833,) when the loss of and the shock to all the family of the leading life for long years, was now to be met by the sorrowing family on the 14th of February, 1833. Father was taken sick and to his bed with what was thought to be a severe cold, and at that time of life and age it may be said, was in the prime of life and many useful years in the bright future awaited him, but such was not to be. The doctor was called, but failed to give relief. The medical men in that day were young men and not well qualified in their profession, but the probabilities are they would have been useful men had they been well instructed in their life work. The doctor in attendance was not the life saver, and I have heard my mother say, "I believe the doctor killed him." How true this may be *we are never to know.*



It seemed that father was aware that his case was hopeless, and in his last hours he executed his last will and testament, and I was made one of the recipients in that will. Father then called for the "baby." I was taken to his bed. He laid his hand on me and said, "O what will become of my little boy."

That short sentence from a dying father has made a life long impression and an inspiration for the then fatherless little boy. What did he expect of me in the future? Have I given my time and life as he may have laid it out for me? *No one knows.* His time to depart had come, and he was gone to that last sleep that knows no awakening. His final rest, February 14th, 1833.

Father had chosen the place for his burial, there he was laid. Across the road west from the home on the west side of the little field, "under the spreading branches of the water beech." As given to me by mother and brothers, I will give something of my father's characteristics through life. He was a quiet, sober, honest and industrious man, drank no intoxicating liquors, was not an enemy to any one, and had no enemies. All these better parts of life he required of his children, and the greatest effort of his life was for the betterment of his family. He was a giant in strength in his younger days, and lifted the best man and his load while in the army at Louisville, Ky., during the war of 1812 to 1815. This I have from his brother John, (Uncle John) and one of the Tuckers, that time past lived south of Franklin. Both of them were with him in the army at the time. I have tried to do father justice in what I have written, and done him no injustice.

I will again take up the life work of my mother. After father's death she alone had to take the place of head of the



family, and what I may say of her comes mostly from my own observation and my first recollections. The burden of the family was a hard task for her, and in the course of time was so overcome by hard work that she was prostrated and confined to her bed most of the time for a year. I can only remember she was sick in bed, this was probably in my third year. One of her sisters and some others, at her request, went to work and prepared her burial clothes as she directed and gave full directions for her burial, but her time was not yet, and finally recovered and in time was found at her post in the family, and with three girls to help her, business went along as in the past, again spinning, weaving and making of gloves and helping her boys and girls with their marriage arrangements and setting up for themselves. By 1837 the family was reduced to five children that she necessarily had to help.

About 1838 mother disposed of her stock and farm property and bought a home in Franklin and moved there, taking the two youngest children with her, (Mary Jane and I) for the purpose of resting from her hard labors, that had very nearly worn her out, and to give these two children an education. In August, 1840, mother was married to Joseph Reece, and soon after moved back to the farm for a short time. In February following they moved to Boone County, Indiana, taking the two children with her. Here the same work was taken up again, but not so laborious as in the past. Carding machines to make the rolls, spinning and weaving was done at home and the cloth sent back to the factory for coloring, pressing and fulling. Mother was quite an expert in making blankets and coverlids of red, white and blue colors, fine dress goods for herself and girls. Cotton yarn of





white and turkey red was to be had from the stores, a portion was dyed Indigo blue. These colors were blended in the web and weaving, and made nice dress goods and were very pretty. Making clothes, knitting and house work filled out her time until late in the fall of 1847, when Joseph Reese passed away and mother again was left a widow.

In my compiling the T. T. G.'s, for very good reasons, this marriage was left out. The principal reason was, this addition would have made a mixed family record and very few people knew the man in this part of the country, and not all of mother's family ever saw him, and also the married life was of very short duration, and after his death the ties of kinship were naturally all set aside; and were soon forgotten. Soon after this death mother returned to Johnson County and made her home, her last few months, with her oldest son, John. Most of this time she spent visiting her children, and as soon proved, was her final visit. While this visiting was going on mother was called to wait on her youngest daughter, Mary Jane Webb, in her prospective sickness, who was living east of Franklin six miles. Mother answered to the summons, and her hard work after the daughter's confinement, was too much for her in her aged and feeble condition, when she was taken sick and to bed. On Saturday evening mother sent for me. I hurried to her, but almost too late, as she only recognized me, only the one time, and said, "I am glad you came," and soon after passed to her great reward, which, I have no doubt for her, was a happy one.

Mother's death occurred on Sunday morning, May 28th, 1848, at the age of 58 years, 5 months and 12 days.

Mother, in a great many respects, was a remarkable woman. In that: For honesty of purpose in every thing she



did; her's was a life of toil for the ones she loved; truthful to a fault, and one of the best of mothers, and one of the noblest of christian women.

Mother, the last twenty years of her life was a devoted member in the Baptist church, and very near its first organization, if not a charter member, and she loved her church as she did her own life.

Mother was what was sometimes termed, a high tempered woman, and no doubt to a reasonable extent, might be so called, but her temper was tempered with good judgement, mercy and justice. *Loving qualities of a good soul.*

When father and mother were laid to rest it was in our home burying grounds, a little field by the native timber. In the course of time the timber being cut away, the little cemetery was then in the middle of the field or nearly so. When in the fall of 1904, my brothers and sisters had all passed away, and I alone was left, and no one to object, I assumed the liberty to take them up and transfer their remains to Greenwood Cemetery, where a nice lot was secured for their final resting place, and a nice monument was erected to father and mother, as well as others of my family.

I have now completed the life history of my father and my mother, my grandfathers and grandmothers, and that in the best light, that at this late date, as it was possible, for any one else to do as much in this particular line as I have done, after years of investigation, tracing and study.

This work has not been done as a necessity, or for profit, but for love of the generations that now are, and for the generations yet to come, that they may know something of their early parentage from the settling of the new world to the present time.



A great many other incidents might have been enumerated, but this seems to the writer that this much will satisfy the inquiring mind of all who may wish to investigate.

I will now close the memories of the loved ones and bide my time.

MATHEW J. TRACY.

Whiteland, Ind , Dec. 10th, 1908.

The following three sheets seemed to be necessary to complete the life record:

The children of James and Mary Tracy numbered fourteen, seven sons and seven daughters. Ten of them—five sons and five daughters, married and raised families. All were married in Johnson County, Indiana, with one exception. James married at Smithland, Kentucky.

In these ten families were born eighty-six children, and a goodly number of them are still living. The children and their mates were as follows:

John married Rhoda Brown, settled half mile north of Whiteland, and lived there until their death.

Keziah married John Carver, settled in and died in Johnson County.

Nathaniel married Jemima Clem, settled in the Glade neighborhood. They moved to Missouri, where they died.

Thomas married Lydia Jones, settled on the State Road three miles north of Franklin. Afterward moved to Illinois, where Lydia died. Thomas returned to Johnson County, where he died and was buried in Pleasant Grove cemetery.

Eleanor M. married Charles Johnson, lived in Franklin for a time and then on the farm, two miles south of Franklin on the State Road. Died there.

Margaret married Joel R. Pierce, lived on farm in different places; later in Greenwood, Indiana, where they both died.



James, No. 2, married Nancy Brooks at Smithland Ky., where they both died.

Elizabeth Ann married John W. Webb, owned and lived on father's home farm for a few years, from there they moved to Iowa, near town of Marion, Linn county, where they both died.

Mary Jane married Alexander Webb, lived near Whiteland a number of years; finally located in Boone County, where they both died.

Mathew J. first married Susan M. Smith, who lived about four years and a half. Later married Catherine Varner, a disagreeable match; again married Sarah E. Zuires Boulden. Lived most of his life near and in Whiteland, and the only one of the family of fourteen left to speak a word for all the rest of the family that have gone to their long home.

In the old home on the State Road, where father passed away, have been a number of very interesting events. Five sisters and two brothers (one the writer) were married in this old home, and it is more than probable that very few of their descendants have any knowledge of these facts.

It is probable that twelve of the grandchildren were born, in this old home, and four of the family died there, including father. Some other events of the old home life will be further carried out in "Life Sketches" by M. J. Tracy.

The time is now at hand to close the traditions and facts, as they have come to the writer, of James 1st Tracy and Mary Tanner, his wife, during their lives. All this has been done without prejudice, but with love and respect for my father and mother.

What little light I may have given to those present and the dear ones that may follow, it is my great hope that they





may be benefitted and appreciate the work of the writer.

This January 6th, 1909.      MATHEW J. TRACY.

Since the compiling of the Tracy-Tanner Genealogies there has come into the hands of the writer quite a voluminous manuscript on the services of Josiah Tanner as a soldier in the Revolutionary War and on the application for the pension of his widow, Martha (Tanner) Lemasters and the award of same to her; granting a pension of \$131.64 annually, which was issued to her April 24, 1844, to take effect March 2, 1845. This manuscript was very thankfully received from George S. Tanner, of Indianapolis, Indiana, and was prepared at his instance by a friend in the Pension department at Washington, D. C.—J. H. Benton.

Evidence given by Martha Lemasters follows: That she is 87 years old, and that she was married to Josiah Tanner, in Mecklinburg County, Virginia, December 1, 1771. That her said husband was a Lieutenant in Captain Crada McBee's company, of Colonel Williams regiment of South Carolina troops, in the Revolutionary War. That he left in May 1780, was wounded in the right arm at King's Mountain battle field in October of that year. He came home to get the wound cured and returned to the army in the spring of 1781, returning home in the fall of that year, having been in the service, including the time he was home on account of his wound, about 18 months. That he was pensioned until 1796, while in South Carolina, and that he died in October 1807.

She submits attached to her application a leaf of the Family Bible in her possession, which contains the births of their children. (Being the same as in the Tracy-Tanner



Genealogies, page 18.) The above is the sum of her application.

Evidence in fact as follows: The claim was established as to fact and period of service on the reports of the Comptroller General of South Carolina. One of them dated at Columbia, South Carolina, October 3, 1843, to the effect that on October 5, 1735, a warrant was issued for the payment for a horse lost in the service, for 21 £. 8s. 6d. and 1 £. 9s. 11d. interest. On December 9, 1785, another warrant for 76 £. 3s. 6d., and interest for 5 £. 6s. 7d. in payment for 237 days duty (from June 10, 1780 to July 1, 1781) as a "Lieutenant of Horse" in Captain Crada McBee's company of Colonel Roebuck's regiment of the South Carolina line.

The question having been raised by the war department as to the regiment in which the service was rendered (as the widow had alleged Col. William's), and also as to whether a pension had been paid by the state of South Carolina or by the general government, (the war department records having been burned by the British at the capture of Washington, in August 1814,) the Comptroller General replied in Feb 1844 that Captian McBee's company might have been under the command of Col. Williams, though attached to Roebuck's regiment. Also that Mr. Tanner received his pension for 12 years from the general government. It was necessary for his papers to be authenticated annually before he could receive his money in Charleston, S. C., which was then the location of the Commission of Pensions for the General Government. "This is demonstrated" the comptroller says, "from the fact that his name is nowhere recorded in the books of the state treasury."

The fact of the marriage, the death of the first husband,



(Mr. Tanner), the remarriage to Mr. Lemasters and his death, were established by the testimony of Mrs. Sally Crittendon, of Bartholemew county, Indiana, and Jesse Force and Elizabeth Jones, of Trimble county, Ky.

Mrs. Crittendon testified (August 14, 1843), that she was a daughter of the applicant and that she would be seventy years of age October 31, of that year. She also testified that she had often heard her father (Josiah Tanner) and her mother relate that they were married at the home of a Col. Runford, in Mecklenburg County, Virginia, by the Rev. Passin Sample, whom she had seen and heard preach often. That she remembers well of her father going with a letter from General Morgan to Colonel Washington at Charlottesville in North Carolina, to come and meet him at the Cow Pens with his Light Horse, and that he (her father) came by home and told her mother where he was going and what for.

(Remarks: As Mrs. Crittenden was born October 30, 1773, she was seven years old when the battle of King's Mountain was fought, October 7, 1780, and that of the Cowpens, January 17, 1781 and was of sufficient age to remember her father's wounded arm and his carrying the message from General Morgan to Colonel Washington to meet him at the Cowpens with his command of Light Horse. Her father was at home on account of his wounded arm when intrusted with this important dispatch.)

Mrs. Crittendon also testified that she remembered that when he came home with his wounded right arm, he had no change of clothes to put on for the Tories had plundered their home while he was away.

Force and Jones testified that they lived neighbors to



Mrs. Tanner for three or four years in South Carolina and that they moved to Kentucky about a year after they did and settled in the same neighborhood, which is now Trimble county but was then a part of Oldham county. That they lived together as husband and wife from their first acquaintance with them until his death, and that they were both present at her remarriage to Abraham Lemasters, in Trimble county, Ky., a number of years thereafter.

Mrs. Jone's further testified that she had often heard Mrs. Tanner say that she was married to Mr. Tanner when she was 14 years old and that her acquaintance with her began with her 48 years prior to her affidavit, which was given in 1843.

(Remarks: As Mrs. Tanner gives her age as 87 in 1843, it makes 1756 the year of her birth, and as she was married in 1771, it was probably before the completion of her fifteenth year, thus corroborating Mrs. Jones' testimony. As Mrs. Jones testified that she became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Tanner about 48 years prior to her affidavit of 1843, and that they moved from South Carolina to Kentucky about three or four years after she first knew them, it was 1798 or 1799 as the year of their settling in the last mentioned State.)

Mrs. Crittenden further testified that she had also heard her parents say that they had no license for their marriage, but that "the bans were published three times in the church."

Attached to the widow's application for pension, there was besides the leaf from the family Bible already referred to, the affidavit of Creed H. Dawson, of Johnson County, Indiana, testifying to the authenticity of the record, and of its having been in possession of the applicant for at least thirty years.





(Remarks: This Creed H. Dawson was a son of Daniel Dawson and Keziah Tanner Dawson, the tenth member in the family of Josiah and Martha Tanner, and it was this Daniel Dawson or Matthew Tanner who wrote the names that appear on the leaf from the family Bible. It is no doubt a fact that Creed H. Dawson received part of his given name from his Uncle Creed Tanner, but the name Creed Haskins comes from farther back than his Uncle Josiah Tanner's, whose mother's maiden name was Margaret Haskins, and the name Creed was a family name in the Haskins family. So "Creed" and "Haskins" are common names with the descendants of Josiah Tanner, namely: Josiah Haskins Tracy, Creed Haskins Dawson and Creed Haskins Tracy, all cousins. And at this date, 1906, living on the Roanoke River in Virginia, Creed Haskins, who is free to say so, so far as his knowledge runs back in the past, says there has always been a Creed Haskins.

M. J. T.

### Errors in Some Other Writings Corrected.

These are some errors which crept into some manuscript by persons greatly interested in the Tanner family history and it is well here to offer a correction of some of them, namely:

Daniel Dawson's given name was supposed to be David. Daniel is correct.

Martha Tanner's maiden name was Creed, by a simple conclusion, honestly made. Her maiden name was in full, Martha Wootten, daughter of Samuel Wootten of Mecklinburg County, Virginia, whose will was made in the year 1814, and a part of the records of that county. In that will to each of his children he gave one-fifth of his estate (five in number),



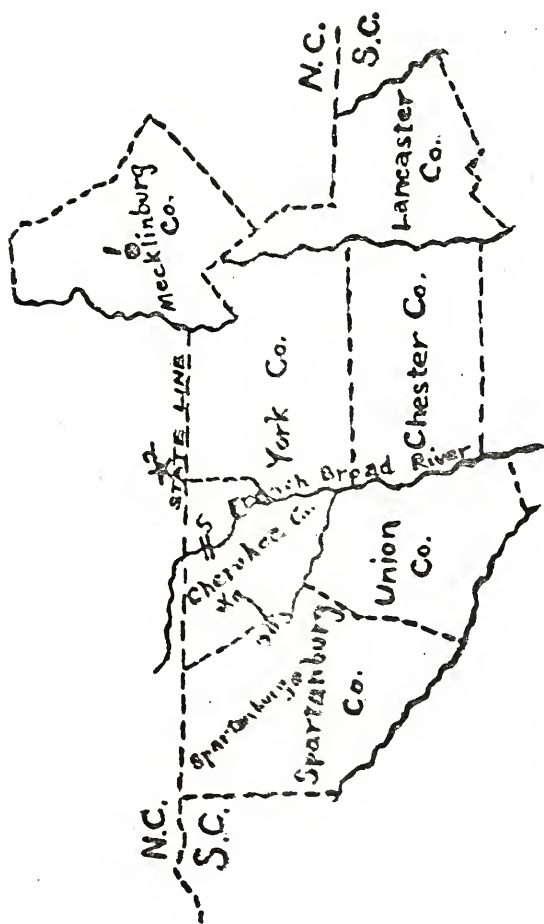
and Martha Tanner, wife of Josiah Tanner, he made one of his legatees.

A certificate from the United States Pension Office gives the place of enlistment of Josiah Tanner as Oldham, S. C., is evidently a clerical error, as there never has been a county by that name in South Carolina, but has been confused in the application for pension of Martha Lemasters, with Oldham County, Kentucky. Tradition says they lived in French Broad River, near Cherokee Ford, between King's Mountain and Cow Pens, Mrs. Tanner being within hearing of both battles. No doubt York County was the place of their residence during the Revolutionary War, where they moved from to Kentucky in 1796.

The matters herein stated relating to the military service of Josiah Tanner, and of his widow's claim to a pension, which was allowed and drawn from March 4, 1843, to March 4, 1857, were derived from a personal examination of the papers of her claim, September 27 and 28, 1897, in the Pension Department at Washington, D. C., by John H. Benton, and by the kindness of George G. Tanner, of Indianapolis, I came in possession of them.

M. J. TRACY.







### Explanations of Attached Map.

1. Charlotteville, N. C., the place to which Lieutenant Tanner bore the dispatch to Colonel Washington from General Morgan, to join him with his "Light Horse" at the Cow Pens.

2. King's Mountain, N. C., where Lieutenant Tanner was wounded in battle October 7, 1780.

3. The Cow Pens where General Morgan and Colonel Washington defeated the British under Colonel Tarlton, January 17th, 1781.

4. Thicketty R. R. Station. The heavy line passing through it from the Cow Pens, indicates the road along which the British retreated, hotly pursued by the victorious Americans at a break-neck speed. (Here is where Colonel Washington cut off Colonel Tarlton's cue with the sword.)—History.

5. Cherokee Ford, French Broad River, home of Josiah Tanner during the war.





**Character Sketch of Josiah Tanner and Martha, His Wife.****In Tracy-Tanner Genealogies Are Some Errors that  
Writer Will Make an Effort to Correct.**

1. On Page 39, in "Tracy-Tanner Genealogies," the account of Martha Lemasters' death is given as follows: "And was buried in the cemetery at Liberty Baptist Church," should be Freedom Baptist Church.

2. On same page, there is a presumption that Lieutenant Tanner was mustered out on account of wound received at King's Mountain, but such was not the fact, as he continued in the service until the fall of 1781, completing his enlistment of eighteen months, the latter part of his service being on General Morgan's staff. He drew a pension from the Government until 1796, or up to the time he emigrated to Kentucky. Pension commenced October 5, 1785, as a warrant was issued to him for the payment of a horse lost in the service for £21, 8s. 6d. and £1. 9s. 11. interest. In addition, on December 9, 1785, another warrant for £76. 3s. 6d. and interest on same £5, 6s. 7d., in payment for 237 days duty, from June 10th, 1780 to July 1, 1781.

Tradition (from my mother): On account of Josiah Tanner's wounded and stiff arm he had a knife made with a blade eighteen inches long, to enable him to reach his mouth while eating.



**MATHEW J. TRACY****Life Sketch**

By the insistence of some of my grandchildren, and a partial desire on my own part, and for any in the future who may want to know something more of their parentage, I enter upon this work.

The first and greatest event of my life, was my birth, which came to pass January 6th, 1832. The name as usual would soon follow, which was "Mathew Jackson," given to me to carry through life. I may answer here an oft repeated question, Why do you spell your first name with only one "t"? In my father's book of family records Mathew is spelled with only one "t." I have never seen proper and probably had no right to change it, and have always been satisfied with that way of spelling the name.

I was born on the State Road about five miles north of Franklin, and a long quarter mile south of what is now West Whiteland, and if I am informed correctly there was no other house in sight of the one where I was born, and almost all of the surrounding country was at that time an unbroken wilderness.

It is in order now to give a noted epoch that has had a depressing effect on me for the greater part of my life. Father was taken sick and to his bed and under the care of a physician, and continued to grow worse, when he realized that his life was in the balance and the result was, against him. So



much so that he decided to make his will, that all might be well with the family after his death. He made his will and last testament, remembering his baby boy as a participant. When the will was completed he called for the baby. I was taken to his bed, and all he said, as told me afterward, has left my memory with one exception, and that was, "Oh, what will become of my little boy." That one expression from my dying father, has caused me to shed many, many tears.

The summons had come and he had to go, leaving the "little boy" fatherless. I have seen him, yes, but only with the baby eyes. I can't remember, no; it is impossible with nature's plan that I should remember him when so young.

I was thirteen months and eight days old when father died. My mother was now my main protector, and well and good she did her part for me. In my early recollections she was good and kind to me. My brothers and sisters were kind to me in my early recollections of them.

From this time on in the narrative, facts as they occurred, will be given as the child may have enacted them in his first recollections, and while very simple, may be somewhat amusing.

In my early remembrance my mother was often seen sitting at her little wheel spinning, and as I have said in other writings, she would be spinning when I went to bed and spinning when I woke up in the morning. Getting out of bed at one time and going to where she was spinning, I set about to investigate the flyers while they were running at lightning speed. The effort was quickly made, my fingers were on the flyers, and as quickly a scream followed. Mother stopped the wheel and came to my relief, diagnosed the case, prescribed and administered a kiss to my bruised fingers, adding at the same time, "They will soon get well," and my investigation



was soon forgot, and I have not taken hold of running flyers since that particular time. I believe this to be one of the earliest transactions in my earliest recollections. The last dress I ever wore was a black bombozette. This was a dress mother made for me for the service in memory of father, held at our home some three months after his death, were Sister Mary Jane and I were clearing leaves and other trash from the yard and burning it by an elm stump, about half way between the house and the well, and being very industrious mending up the fire and watching it blaze, my dress caught fire, a necessary squal soon brought all from the house to my rescue. I was not seriously burned, but my dress was ruined for all time, and haven't had on a dress since that time.

In my very young days Uncle John Tracy (father's brother) called at our home on his way from Franklin and taking a new red handle knife from his pocket called me to come and get a present, but before he gave it to me, he put the point of the blade in a joint of the floor and broke the point off. This act of his created a bad feeling towards him that I was a long time in getting over it. In the course of time I found two knives in one day. Some movers had stayed over night with us, and before starting the following morning were haltering a cow to tie behind the wagon, after using a pocket knife laid it on a stump, and a few hours afterward I found it. Walking around the stump I found another one, but it was very old and rusty and soon fell to pieces.

In the year 1836 I became a devoted politician. There was a large poplar stump in front of our house, and there was a Van Buren demonstration at Indianapolis, and while the crowds were passing that way, I took my position on the





big stump and ha-rah'd for Van Buren. My efforts were very interesting to the "unterrified democracy," and numbers of them came up to my rostrum and dropped a cent and some of them a flip into my hand. One called me to come to him and he would give me a quarter, but I was doing very well at my stand and didn't go after it. So when the crowd passed my democracy was satisfied.

About this time there was quite a set to with the stage horses and our bees. A Mr. Rominger was the stage driver of a beautiful team of four coal back horses, stopping in front of the house and near a number of stands of bees, the horses were sweating freely and they were soon attacked by the bees, and that by the hundreds. The leaders were soon down tangled in the harness, some times one on top of the other. The off wheel horse was down and the near horse crossed over the tongue and got on top of the other horse, stamping, pawing and snorting, the driver and some men from the stage were cutting harness, lines and hame strings, and led them away and finally whipped the bees off.

At 5 to 6 years of age I came to be of some use in making my sleds and from that to little wagons, two-wheeled and four-wheeled wagons. Other work was ready for me, scutching flax, handing threads to mother to put through the gears, filling the quills and other little work for mother around the loom. Run over to grandmother's on an errand, and "you must'n't stay long."

About this time I undertook another piece of work that I have been reminded of at intervals all my life. At one time brothers, John and James, brought some hoop poles for hooping barrels, buckets, tubs, etc. I watched them splitting the poles and after they were through there were a few



left, and it seemed to me proper that "I should do likewise." A pole was soon started to split with the ax and a wedge drove in the split, I then must do as brother John had done. I stuck my toes in the split (bare footed), took hold with my hands and made the effort, as brother John had done, and the wedge dropped out, and I was caught with toes and fingers fast in the split. While I was worrying to get out of the trap John Brewer come along going to Franklin, dismounted at once and helped me out of my trap. I was very glad of his help, but he went off laughing, and that raised my ire and I was a long time getting over it.

My first attendance at school was in Franklin. I was stopping with my sister Eleanor on a visit, and while visiting she sent me to school to Mrs. John King, who was teaching in the kitchen of her residence, on the corner of Madison and Water streets, opposite the Presbyterian church. This term of school was for about two weeks. Short as it was, it gave me a start. I can't tell when I did not know my a, b, c's, with four letters as an exception, b, d, p and q, all looked alike to me for several weeks, but in time it come to me to name them on sight.

My first teacher, Mrs. King, only a few years ago died in Arkansas. Love to her memory.

My next term of school was while visiting my sister, Elizabeth Webb, five miles east of Franklin. This session added two more weeks to my schooling, and after this term I could spell "baker" without the book (Old Elementary). This was September, 1838, and William Reece was the teacher. A year after this mother bought property in Franklin and soon after moved to it with sister Mary Jane and myself, and as her declaration was, to take a rest from th



farm, and send the children to school, there being no school in reach of the home place.

After settling down in the new home I was started to school in a school house standing on the grounds where afterward the Franklin College was located. The teacher was a Mr. —— Cottingham, and every thing seemed to be going well, when by being imposed on by a larger boy and making fight, I got the worst whipping of my life.

As I have said so much, I will give the particulars. I was sitting in front of one——Hendricks boy, twice my age and size, and he was very mean to me, pinched, pulled my hair and stuck a pin in me, when I turned on him and struck him in the face, he said, "I will whip you when school is out." Sure enough, as soon as I stepped out of the house he commenced on me with a switch, again I made fight the best I could, then the teacher ordered us both in the house. I did not stop in the house but went on through and out an open window and went for home. The teacher sent a couple of boys to bring me back but I fought and wouldn't go back, then the teacher came on and told them to let me go, he would settle with me in the morning, so in the morning I was there and met the *master* in his wrath, when he at once began to settle accounts with me. Beech switches were a part of school keeping at that time, and I realized all that was in the switch. He scorched me from the hips to the heels with stripes, blue, black and red, and in many places blood was drawn. I returned home at once after showing him what he had done. Mother went to work and made an investigation, then to see the teacher. I never saw my mother so "wrathy" in all my life, she told him very plainly



if she was a man or able, she would give him a whipping that he would remember all the days of this life.

This same boy a few years afterward caught Mr. Joe Allen's girl, in the Sugar Creek neighborhood, mistreated her and killed her, and then threw her remains in the creek. He stood his trial for the crime and was sent to the Penitentiary by the court at Franklin. After his time was out he returned home, but was soon sent back again for the theft of musical instruments. My bitter experience in this affair has been to me a life-lesson, and that is, "Never impose on smaller boys."

Mother then engaged me to go to school to Mr. — Getty, an Irishman, that whipped every day right and left. Mother said to him, "Send him home before you whip him." So in a few days I was sent home, closing my schooling in Franklin.

In August, 1840, mother thought it best to take a life partner again, and did so, making me by that act, a stepson, and giving me a stepfather, I being at this time between eight and nine years old. Arrangements were soon making to return to the old home, which was desirable on my part. After getting home again she set to work with her new help to closing out her property on the farm. When this was done by February, 1841, we were ready for our new home in Boone County, and in a couple of days landed on stepfather's farm, a mile east of Mechanichsburg, on Sugar Creek, which I soon found to be a very desirable stream of water for fishing, swimming and learning to swim. I was now nine years old, but no schools to go to for a year yet. But sugar making came on in the spring, and by close attention to the business was in a year or two an adept to making sugar and sugar tree molasses; it was make these or get no sweetening. This





was attended to every spring while living in this county. Here I had my first lessons in farming and handling horses. There was a school in the burg, which I attended when work on the farm would permit. This was taught by a Miss Walden, who was a fine teacher, and in going to school I got through without the least bit of trouble, and this was a fact for all the balance of my going to school. I attended five schools in Boone County, after Miss Walden taught. In all of them I attended about nine months. Three of them were held in abandoned log cabins. The teachers were: Francis Downing, Zadock Gowen, Eph. Harrison, Baily and James A. Moon. This last teacher stalled with me at the double rule of three. He was a young lawyer from Frankfort and made quite a history for himself at Lafayette, making a frame with a slide in it, to which he fastened a broad-ax, putting to the slide a cord to hold it up, he set a candle to the string and lighted it, laying down in the frame under the ax and waited until the candle burned the string off, when the ax fell and cut his head off, and this was the end of my last school teacher in Boone. I attended a session of twelve days of steam or singing geography. This method of teaching geography was very interesting and very profitable to the student.

While living in Boone I took part in a wolf hunt over a territory of eight miles square, Lebanon being the southwest corner, making the Michigan Road the east line, and Sugar Creek the north line. On the signal from the captains by the use of horns, all marched to the center from the four lines. When nearing the center it was a grand sight, deer, wolves and wild turkey were seen by the hundreds. All had clubs except a few men with guns, where they were expected to center (these men were picked and careful).



When the guns commenced firing the game made a stampede and met the clubs on all sides. A few deer were killed by the guns, wolves and turkeys were killed in great numbers, but how many I never knew, but I know I got my turkey and carried him in. Fishing with hook and line was a great pleasure. I have often gone to the creek a quarter mile away, built a little fire and within an hour would have as many cat fish as I could carry home; putting them in a tub of water they would all be alive in the morning. Seining was very common, but boys were rather too light and some men had to be along. Quails were very plentiful, I had to get them by trapping. We had two dogs, and they and I were great friends, they were always ready for a hunt, the game for them was rabbit and 'possum, but some times we would slip up on a coon, some times a rattle snake.

Old fashioned readers, such as English readers, sequel to the English readers and usually a class in the New Testament. Books of all kinds were very scarce as a household entertainment, and newspapers were not known to the masses and only taken by the favored few. Money was not to be had by the industrious worker, only in extreme cases. I saw a few books at one time in the new store, and by asking questions I learned they could be bought with ginseng, and was a timely hint to get busy. So a hoe and basket and to the woods where ginseng was very plenty, to be had for the digging. I soon had a couple of pounds drying, and as I continued to bring it in and added to the drying process, I was not long in having enough to buy my first book—the History of France. Two pounds ginseng at 25 cents per pound bought the book, price 50 cents. Not long after I was able to buy another, the History of England for the same amount



of ginseng. These two new books were a great treasure to me, and now, sixty years after, I still have them. Afterward with my ginseng that was on hand I bought a pair of nice suspenders, the first from the store I ever had.

The last year in Boone we lived in Mechanichsburg, but my work was still on the farm, a mile away. I broke twelve acres of ground for corn and help to plant it, I then alone cultivated it. I am of the opinion now that Boone County had the hardest set of people at that time I ever saw. Whiskey was a home production, and three-fourths of the men and a large portion of the boys used it, and it was a daily sight to see men staggering about the "burg" under its influence. Whiskey was 25 cents a gallon and 10 cents by the quart, and could be paid for in meal, a gallon and half for a bushel of meal.

I took part in wheat harvest while here, first at carrying bundles for the shockers and later on binding. Wheat was cut with sickles at that time, but later the cradle was used, when I made my hand binding. Wheat was tramped out on the ground with horses and cleaned with the family mill. I drove a team to Lafayette with wheat and one time got 60¼ cents a bushel, unloading on the tow path of the canal, where it was emptied into the canal boat. The bill of goods that was laid in for the use of the family was a loaf of sugar and a quarter pound of tea. It took three days to make the trip, camping out two nights.

The time had now come when I should bid adieu to my home with my mother and start out in the world on my own hook. Boone County would be my home no more. In July, 1847, mother and I on horse back came on a visit to our old home country, to my brother John's residence. We



had been hearing about the new railroad, and that brother John had a contract to build a part of it, and that I could get work if I wanted a job. I was only too glad to find such an opportunity, as brother John was my lawful guardian and mother was willing he should take charge of me. I returned home with her and gathered up my little belongings, and in a few days returned to my brother's to help with the building of the new railroad.

Up to this time in my life all the clothes I had ever worn had been made by my mother. I had bought my only pair of boots up to this time, in Lafayette with my money earned in harvesting, and paid for them \$1.25, and now at fifteen and half years old, if I had any more cloths I would have to buy them. I went to work with a will at the munificent sum of 50 cents a day, a round sum by the side of what I had ever received before. I continued on this job until brother John's contract was completed. I then assisted him in finishing dwelling house, so far as my experience would be in demand, though I was a ready help for what I could do. I was very successful in learning the use of tools. After the house was finished I had the pleasure of assisting him in the building of his barn, and work on the barn was done and winter coming on he sent me to school for a term of three months, taught by Jacob Giles in the Graham school house a half mile southeast of Whiteland. While this school was going on my stepfather died in Boone County, and mother returned to our home county to her children and was making the rounds visiting them. While she was making these visits I was taken sick with an attack of lung fever, which came very near closing out my time once for all, but my mother came to my assistance and nursed me back to





health again. In this nursing me while sick was her last act of kindness to me during her life. Soon after recuperating from my sickness I went with her to her youngest daughter's, to take care of her during confinement, same ten miles from our home. Undertaking to do the house work and a hard day's washing on a Monday, which her age should have precluded, was too much for her, and taking to her bed and doctor called to her relief, but she continued to grow worse, when on Saturday evening following, we were notified of her serious condition. I hastened to her bedside the same evening, but only for a few hours to be with her, for on Sunday morning she passed away; I have no doubt to the realms of eternal bliss. I never realized what it was to have a mother and a good mother, until after my mother was gone from me, and that for all time. I was something past sixteen years of age, without father or mother, it seems to me now that I was almost heart broken.

Mother and I had made arrangements while going to sister Mary Jane's, to set up house keeping when she came back from sisters, but such was not to be. Her death occurred May 28th, 1848.

For a year longer I stayed with brother John, working on the farm in the usual run of such work. It did not seem altogether agreeable that I should be one of the family, so I changed to other wheres. Sometimes at sister Elizabeth's home, again with sister Margaret, then again with sister Mary Jane and with brother Nathaniel. I worked all the time, let it be cold or hot, I lost no time; all kinds of work, cutting cord wood at 30 cents a cord, making rails at 37½ cents a hundred, and worked also at \$13.00 by the month.

I neglected in its place to say, that brother sent me to



school the winter of '48 and '49. The one great inducement to attend this school was in the good qualifications of the teacher, a Mr. Ellis, an old man with long experience in the line of teaching, and it was a winter well spent under his instruction, and I fairly well mastered Rays' Third-part Arithmetic, which was the height of my ambition as an education.

Grammar and other studies were lightly passed over by the greater portion of teachers and their pupils in that day. This was my last school. In all of my going to school I had put in about sixteen months, and it has been a great help to me through life that I even had that much schooling. At the same time a part of the teachers were worthless in that particular position, but only for want of an education commensurate with their supposed calling.

After the roustabout work spoken of above, brother John decided upon carpentering again, and then I started on my apprenticeship under his instructions, which he was well calculated to give. From this time on for forty years I made this trade my life business, when work was to be had. When building would cease for the time, any other work was sought and done. No idle time was worthy of my hands. In this interesting part of my life I was nearing my majority. I had no home since starting out for myself from Boone County, a few years before. Father and mother had each left me something to start on at my maturity. I here want to put on record the obligations I owe to my elder brother, John Tracy, my guardian, for his uniform kindness and help to me in my early manhood, and later should I be in need of his help and assistance, and only at one time was I enabled to repay him for his many kindnesses, and that was in opening the way for him to save a loan that he had made of three hundred and



seventy-five dollars. I rejoice yet at this later day, that was the means of his not loosing this amount of money. Never was a brother more of a father to the boy and the man than was my brother John, my guardian.

In September, 1852, I made a start for a home of my own, and in that start, I and my guardian made a deal for the old home place, contracting to pay two thousand dollars for it, in payments of eight hundred dollars when I would be twenty-one years of age in January following the deal, and two hundred dollars annually thereafter until paid. At this time I had accumulated somewhere near three hundred dollars by my own efforts, and a horse, bridle and saddle, also a watch and plenty of *clothes to do me until they would wear out*. This was not all of life's work that I was looking for. I had found a very dear young lady, that like myself, had no home, and was willing to join with me in making a home of our own, and we hesitated not, but consummated our wishes for better or worse. On December 2nd, 1852, Mathew J. Tracy and Susan Margaret Smith were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Elijah D. Long. I had a building to complete; taking two or three weeks' work before getting ready for housekeeping. Christmas coming on and land payment to look after, settlement with my guardian and know much he had for me. When all was told I had from my estate five hundred and sixty-eight (\$568) dollars. This amount was quite a disappointment to me, as brother John had led me to believe that I would have enough to make the first payment on my land, but the amount of money I had on hand was sufficient to help me out, but left me with a very small amount to start up housekeeping. I was left with \$20 to be used for beginning to live at home, if a very old log





MATHEW J. AND SUSANA M. TRACY

Taken two days after their marriage, which took place on December 2, 1852.





cabin could be made into a home. When all other business was out of the way, I took my wife on the horse behind me and went to take a look at our prospective home. After looking the cabin over, I asked her what she thought of it, and could she live in it? She answered me very quickly, "I can if you can." "Well then we will be here soon as possible." I went to work chinking, daubing and filling back and jambs, and we were happy in our new home for once, in our shabby log cabin home. It may be interesting to list our combined outfit: Margaret had a bedstead, bed and bedding, a clock included; for my part I had bought new, a cookstove, a table and a set of cheap chairs, with dishes enough to go round when the crowd was small; I had salted up three small hogs, a barrel of flour and supply of groceries, was our stock of household and kitchen for a start in life, all went well and we were both happy to be in a home of our own. My work was soon commenced, some repairs to the fences around the small amount of cleared land, preparatory to being farmed the coming spring. Cutting cordwood for the railroad was the principle work during the winter. When spring opened my trade was in demand, the building of several houses made me fully able to meet my next land payment, and still had time to build a small three-roomed house for better comfort during the winter, and while this house was building a matter of more importance was still to come. The stork brought to our care a little boy, on the 9th of November, 1853, adding more joy to the household. With the new arrival in our midst, a greater impetus was given to move forward with the new house, and when Christmas came round we were comfortably installed in the new home. Cutting cord wood and sawlogs completed the winter's work, and the opening of



spring brought a brisk opening in the building line again. Four dwellings and four school houses and some smaller buildings was the output of my labor for the year 1854, which helped me to pay ahead on my land debt, and I felt more than usually encouraged in my home undertaking, when Christmas was in our midst again.

For year 1855, times were not so encouraging, several jobs of work were undertaken and completed, but it was by the closest effort that I got through even with the demands I had to meet, while work was not to be had, I had plenty to do at home in trying to enlarge the farm. So the year passed away with little encouragement for the near future.

In 1856, I had but little work to do that would bring in the ever needful, that we might live. Severe troubles were in store for me, another little son came to our care on the 20th of April, of this year, and the young mother seemed to be exhausted and scarcely able to take care of him. Heart trouble had for years been her ailment, and her suffering continued to weaken her. At six months old the little boy had to be weaned, the mother giving no nourishment to sustain the infant life, he was given into the hands of the nurse, and he soon began to gather more life and strength, but the mother gradually grew weaker until April, when she had suffered a terrible night. This little boy had awakened, some one had taken him from his bed and brought him near her, when she spoke to him for the last time, saying, "Oh, my pretty sweet baby," being the last words she ever spoke, a spasm and all was still. She was gone to that long home from whence none return. Her death occurred April 10th, 1857.

Here again I had to meet one of the great heart aches of my life, I was alone with two little boys, the youngest only



a year old. What shall I do, I would ask myself, but it seemed no answer would come. But I must take care of this woman's little boys, she was so good and kind to us. I owed it to her for the love she had for us, so earnestly demonstrated by her daily kindness. I had to work and had my team ready for farming, land cleared and with an additional hand we went to work to put in the crop. I could not do any good and take care of the little boys. Unwillingly I found them a home and turned my attention wholly to work. My farming ceased with the laying by of the crop. War clouds and war talk were the usual order of the day, money was out of circulation, and hard times was the cry on all hands. It was only a necessity if any one would give out a job of work. I used every effort to make a living for myself and care for the motherless children. The two years of '57 and '58 were hard years to get over and make both "ends meet;" a few houses only were built in the time. It seemed to me the only and best course for me to pursue was to take a helpmate and return to the farm and farming. This arrangement was put into execution by my marriage to Mary K. Varner, which was consummated April 20th, 1859. Soon after this the new wife and my two boys were with me and at home, and all moved along well for a season, but a dissatisfaction seemed to be growing. My efforts were for peace and its best results. Hard and continuous daily labor was to my hand in improving, by adding more cleared land to the farm, and fairly good crops were the results. On March 7th, 1860, another son was added to my family, and for a time home and home affairs seemed to pass along agreeably. My horses and other stock were sufficient for the land in cultivation, but prices for all marketable stuff was selling at a low price.



This brings me to the spring of 1861, and the war had begun, but I put in my crop, cultivated it, took off my harvest and thrashed the wheat and on July 25th, 1861, enlisted for three years or during the war. My services for my country was in the Army of the Potomac, rendered in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania.

I shall not pretend to give a history of the campaigns that I was in, but the battles, engagements and skirmishes, while in that army, was a part of my experience. The number of these encounters of the three classes named, one hundred and two were marked to my credit as taking a part. I had some very close calls from shells, scraps of shells and bullets. My horse was killed under me, and had the ball ranged a foot higher would have taken my life. The ball that killed my horse gave me what was termed a slight wound; another time I was struck by a piece of spent shell, but neither of these disabled me from duty.

While soldiering in such a war was very dangerous and hard on the physical man, I am prouder of that service than I am of any three years of my life. With my soldier pay, loss of horse, bounty and pension that I have received from the Government since 1861, amounts to something over five thousand dollars. I am now drawing twenty dollars per month pension.

Soon after my enlistment in the service one more little boy was added to my flock of responsibilities, and I did not get to see him until he was near a year old. He was named Mathew Varner and was born February 21st, 1862.

On my return from the army I brought with me six hundred dollars, which I drew on pay and bounty. With a portion of this money I hurried to pay the balance of my in-





debtedness, amounting to three hundred and twenty-five dollars. This amount brought my deed to the old home place, which filled the desire of my heart, that I had worked and longed for in the twelve years past. The home was a vacant space, the house had burned down while I was in the service, the chimney standing all alone.

Everything to be bought was sold at war prices, and without means to do any better, a log cabin was built to the lonely chimney, this was the best under the circumstances I could do for my family, and was right in so doing; but was not peaceably accepted by the one to take charge, and was the beginning of a source of trouble that wouldn't down.

I was not able to do much hard work after my army service for several months, but with the assistance of my little boys I managed to get the cabin completed, and it was a pleasure to me to be at the old home.

The year '65 was a busy one for me, crop to make and plenty to do in building at a good price, when the crop was growing, and in this way the year's work had been quite a success. Christmas had come and gone; the day following our little Richard Marion was killed by accident in the Town of Whiteland. This was a promising boy going to his first school. I will probably speak of him later on and of his death.

The years '66 and '67 were prosperous years, good crops and good prices and a goodly lot of stock coming on, all my efforts was looking forward to building a good house, so that matters might be more satisfactory in the home life before us, and relieve the family from its cramped condition. How successful I may have been time not far off may tell. Logs



were hauled to the mill, made into lumber, brought back and put in the dry kiln.

In the spring of '68 timbers were hewn out and laid by until the harvest work was over; the cellar dug and the brick put on the ground during the summer. I was taken down and to bed sick my first day of harvest, but in time was up and went to light work on the building, (I will call back to particulars of time further on) as soon as able the work on the house moved right on and was completed ready to occupy early in the month of December, the cabin was abandoned and to more comfortable quarters and plenty of room. My crop of fat hogs at this time brought me seven hundred and fifty dollars, which enabled me to pay up all my building bills.

Our boy, Clarence Allen, was born December 10th, 1867, and now at the above noted time he is about one year old and a very promising baby boy, and the last addition to the family.

For the next four, '69, '70, '71 and '72, were very prosperous years. The farm well stocked and no reason why matters should not prove satisfactory and pleasant. Material had been gathered together for building a barn, which was very badly needed for the care of stock and stock feed. In the house for the usual work of the house was wife and hired girl (Sally McClain, who had been with us four years). Time had now come to commence the building of the barn. August 19th, 1892, on Monday morning, with two men to help, the work was started and was moving along favorably, *when* on Thursday morning one of the boys came to me telling me that ma wished I should come to the house. I went and found a table-cloth peddler showing his goods, and



among them a pair of fine linen table cloths that I was asked to buy my wife.

I said, "I would need all my money to get through with my barn work."

She answered me, "Well, I want something too, so I can be like somebody."

I answered, "We have enough to get along with at present, and I will buy them later on," under a frenzy of Anathamas I left the house and to my work.

Soon one of the boys came and told me that ma was tearing up everything and was going to leave us. I thought of my pocketbook and went to look after it, and found it was missing from the bureau drawer. I called for it, but she refused to give it up, saying, "She would need some money herself."

I urged my demand, saying to her, "You know I went this morning before day and engaged my seed wheat and that money has to pay for it, and I must have it."

She then gave it to me, saying, "I guess I can do without it," and handed it back to me.

I again returned to my work without offering any objections to the way she was tearing things about the house to pieces.

In the course of an hour I saw her and her help (Sally McClain) leave the house for better or for worse, but much worse than there was need for, was my conclusion after looking over the wreck soon after their departure. She also took her two little boys with her.

Lewis was breaking ground for wheat, Buck was sent to take his place at the plow, so Louis could come and get our dinner. After dinner the house was closed and locked. In



the evening I got on my horse and went to her father's, but didn't find her. Coming home I saw her at her brother-in-law's house, went to her and asked for the key to the parlor. she refused to give it to me. On my return home I let down a sash, put a boy (Louis) over with a screwdriver to take the catch off and open the door, where we found goods piled up until the room was nearly half full. Setting to work dividing into two piles, such as was mine in one pile and what belong to her in another, and in this assortment I found seven table cloths, these with two on the kitchen tables, making *nine table cloths in all for the use of the house.*

After making this critical survey of this inestimable muss, a wagon and team was brought to the gate and loaded with such goods as belonged to her and driven to her father's door yard and set over the fence.

On returning home I set the resolution and a determination to never give her the privilege of my home again, and so soon as the courts could act, we as *one* would be two distinct and separate persons, and soon after the suit for separation was filed in the Johnson County Court, and February following the court set our marriage aside, and I was free with the care and possession of our two little boys. After this it was my province to continue housekeeping and care for the family.

I will now call back to the references made to my illness during the summer of 1868, and give some explanations at that particular time as stated there. I had been sick and while still weak set about to do some light work by moving my bench and tools to the open shed in the barn lot, then getting my lumber dressed and ripped suitable for sash, I went to work to make the sash for the new house. Four little boys were playing around me, the youngest less than a





year old, the larger one (Louis) was caring for the baby, the next smallest wanted to take baby from Louis, and when he refused, the little boy (older than the baby) used some profane language, I took his little whip that he was playing with and gave him a light whipping, as duty called me to do; he ran to the house and told his mother, she sent him at once to her mother to tell her to come at once and give me a lecture, which she undertook to do.

I told her to go home and tend to her own business and I would attend to mine, and that I would switch the boy every time he was caught swearing.

She said she would go and talk to Kate awhile, and soon sent for me to come to the house. I went, and the mother asked me, "If I was willing for her to take Kate home with her?"

"Yes," I said, "If she wants to go."

"Would I be willing for her to take the children?"

"Yes, if she wants to take the children, she can do so." Again returning to work, soon the mother started on her return home accompanied by the daughter, having decided on their evil plans; Kate returned home seemingly self satisfied. On the following morning, Jacob Varner's team, driven by one of his boys, came up the State road and was joined by wife, drove on to Greenwood and to G. Johnson's store, where she proceeded to purchase and have entered to my credit, three hundred and thirteen dollars worth of goods, without the least knowledge on my part of any such traffic or trading. The goods were loaded on Varner's wagon and hauled to some safe place, and what became of most of them, I never knew.

The day following, Varner, wife and driver came to my



home and proceeded to divide up the household goods, the older woman taking the lead, and seemingly trying to hurry the matter along. I did not give them my presence until sent for by Kate, wanting to know if I was going to let her have the sewing machine.

I said no, that was mine, I had bought it and would keep it for my own use, as I might need it.

Kate then flew into a passion and said, if she couldn't get what she wanted she wouldn't go at all.

Then on starting back to my work was halted, to be informed where my portion of the goods were stacked, and where the stocking yarn was hanging for our knitting.

Leaving them in their selfish and imperialistic glory I returned to my work on the window sash. Within an hour the old folks, boy and team, returned homeward without the expected load of goods.

Soon after I was informed of the purchase of the goods at Greenwood, but the amount was kept in the dark, and was not known until Mr. Johnson called my attention to the charges on his book. These uncalled for transactions so intolerable, at a time when I was making every effort to better the condition of my family, was to me a great puzzle at that time. It worried me daily and hourly, but as I have said before, every effort was made and the house was completed and we were occupying it on the following Christmas day, in spite of all the drawbacks that was brought against me by an ungrateful wife and her following.

The year 1875, found me with my two oldest boys and the two little ones given into my care by the court, at our home doing housework and running the farm, but no end seemed to come to my troubles. The evil disposition of the



mother of the two little ones kept up a continuous turmoil through them and the bigger boys, and trouble for me to look after and keep them in peace.

The years '72 and '73 were good years for farming, and considerable work was done at building barns and houses and we were doing very well, but I felt that after my hard work of many years was telling on me to my disadvantage, and coming to the conclusion that a change of business might benefit in some degree, so in 1874 I formed a partnership in a drygoods and grocery business, and soon after was made postmaster at Whiteland. We had a good trade and a lively business that made it profitable for us. I found this about the hardest work of my life, the days were fifteen to eighteen hours long, and being on the floor and my feet all that time, it seemed to me I was wearing out rather too fast. So in 1876 I closed a deal, left the business, resigned as postmaster, quit the town and returned to the farm and to farming. While in the store there was an effort made to burn the house on the old home place, the kindling rolled in paper and saturated with coal oil was laid on the door sill and set on fire, but providence looking to our interest, sent a heavy rain and drowned the fire out, but not until the fire had burned into the door sill. From every appearance it was a woman's shoe that made the tracks, which were plain and plenty, both coming and going. A party followed them on start and return, and was thoroughly satisfied as to who the person was that made the tracks and started the fire, but thought best to take no further notice of the incendiarian's act.

The turmoil and menaces that were continuously drawn around me, I concluded to make another effort to get clear of all those troubles. After a final conclusion in the matter



and arrangements made, I went to Nebraska to look over the railroad lands so highly advertised in that State, and located a quarter section and entered into contract with the land agent on the terms of the Railroad Company, having nine years to pay for it, which would have cost near nine hundred dollars, but the provisions for cash down, it cost me five hundred and twenty-five dollars. Taking advantage of this last proposition on returning home, and soon after sent on the amount and in a short time received my deed.

In March following a sale was made and sold off all my property, except what I wished to take with me—a carload, consisting of a span of mules and one horse, household and kitchen furniture, farming utensils, wagon, buggy, two dogs and a coop of chickens, and for further investments in land and stock, I had seventeen hundred dollars in my belt. The middle of March, with Lewis and the two little boys, we landed on our new possession, all wild prairie, but beautiful land to look at. A good old man (Uncle Baily) took care of us for a few days, when we could care for ourselves. Grand Island, where we shipped to, was seventy-five miles from our prospective new home, and on starting from there we had two wagons loaded with building material for a house, and about four days later we were housed in a little home of our own.

All of us were anxious to get into shape for living and farming (breaking prairie). Work was commenced for a barn, two teams brought lumber and shingles from Grand Island (one team was hired), two teams went twenty miles up the Loep River for the heavy timber. All were in earnest and good spirits, little thinking of such a horror that was to come on us in a few days. I have to lay my pen down, it melts me to think of it, thirty years after.





Between the land purchase and moving to it, the cow-boys, as they were called, but more properly bandits, came into and shot up the Town of Ord (in sight of us), doing some other mischief, when the citizens in mass with guns ran them out of the town. This caused me to get a warning from Uncle Baily to be on my guard, and this made an impression that I intended to heed.

Louis and Hooker (Mathew V.) had to make the trip back to Grand Island for more material, to be gone five days, intending with the teams to assist in moving a heavy safe some twenty miles, otherwise the trip would take three days, but the safe was moved when they got there, so they returned on the night of the third day. Coming two days before the time looked for I was asleep in bed, one dog in the house, one outside, both of them keeping up a barking noise. Hooker fired his gun, I was instantly on the floor with gun in hand, loaded with powder and shot. He came to the door, forced it open and stood before me, my gun was fired and the effect is two horrible to tell; but it was done and he was mortally wounded, he turned and fell in the yard. Louis called, "Oh! Pa, what have you done." I knew at once what I had done, we carried him into the house and to bed, all the medical aid to be had was of no avail and he had to go. Could I only have taken his place, Oh! how gladly I would have done it, so cheerfully. Its a burden to my aching heart and will be until my remains lie in the grave and my thoughts are still. Dear boy; it was thoughtless on his part and advised carefulness on my part, with seventeen hundred dollars in my possession and without any other thought the firing was to protect it and myself. Our good feeling and bright prospects were a mass of blasted hopes, it seemed the



fates were against me. It was heart trouble at home and abroad. With the heavy burden I was bearing I was disqualified for business and probably did the wrong thing. I sent him home for burial and the two other boys went with him. I sold the land, mules, horse, wagon and buggy, and some other things and returned to the old home, determined to fight the battle as before. It was my intention to give my four boys a quarter section of land apiece if they would stay with it in this grand, good country of rich lands. It was an error to sell what I already had.

I want now to give some thoughts or facts to show, as I believe, that some one else may be as responsible for the death of the three boys as I am for the death of the one. In the first place I was well prepared to take care of him and for the last two also, and it would have been the least of my thoughts to leave my native home country for any other section of country in the United States, but the continuous turmoil and the fear of private damage by *the evil disposed one*, was an inducement to go to the new country as I did. Had I not made that move the boy, Mathew V., might have been living at the present day; at any rate he would not have been cut off from life as he was.

The little boy that was killed in the streets of White-land was sent away from home by *the evil disposed one* and some other *man uncalled for* to stay at her fathers and go to school. I opposed, as we had a school a half mile closer than the one he was sent to from her fathers, that school being a full mile for the boy to travel. Had this boy not been forced by his mother from his home school, and at the time of his death was in the care of an ill-tempered uncle, that caused his horse to rear up on the icy street and fall back-



ward, catching the boys' head between the ice and the pomel of the saddle, crushing his life out instantly. Who can say that should this boy have been at his own home, only half so far away from school, that he might not have been living at the present time.

This was his first school and less than six years old. He was by name, Richard Marion; born March 7th, 1860, died December 26th, 1865. It would appear that these sketches are somewhat mixed, but the intention is to have them come in after certain other matters were on record, that they may have their proper bearing on the troubles of my life at these particular times.

In the winter of 1880, on December 10th, I made the purchase of the eighty acres farm, one mile north of Whiteland, moved to it and farmed it for two years, when the lease on the home farm expired, I moved back to the old home again, and felt, "There was no place like home."

My best efforts were applied to farming for the next four years. It came to me again that I was failing, and work on the farm was too hard for me, and on leasing the home farm, Louis F. and James B. Tracy, becoming the owners at my death. Their term of lease commencing January 1st, 1888. Following this transaction I purchased the Williamson property adjoining Whiteland, and improved it as I thought best for my final retirement, from the hard labors of the past. Before completing my improvements here I was urged to take a part in the organization and building of the Whiteland Canning Factory, which I accepted, and was in the partnership for a part of two years, and feeling the burden was too heavy for me, I retired from the company. For a few years after the above undertaking I did the easy part of consider-



able building, but this was mostly for the purpose of starting my youngest son in the carpenters trade and business. This son was the last to take a wife and do for himself. Now being alone and lonesome it seemed to me good and proper to take another wife, which I did October 23rd, 1890.

In 1892, I attended the G. A. R. Encampment at Washington, D. C., and had a very interesting time. Visited and was once more on the battle field of Gettysburg, making the rounds of all the lines of battle, looking the cemetery over, where lay the many thousands who gave their patriotic lives for their country. Here I saw many on both sides fall to rise no more. The many monuments are beautiful to look at.

In May, 1890, I laid off M. J. Tracy's addition to the Town of Whiteland, consisting of thirty-three lots. At three different times I have bought lots and built dwellings on them for my own use to live in, but these do not include my present home, and were disposed of to other citizens.

In the spring of 1894, my wife met the misfortune to be paralyzed and was an invalid for near seven years, when on January 18th, 1901, for the third time, I was left alone, and as in times past, I could not break up my home, but have continued to stay with my home and do my own housework. So on the "stay at home plan," I have been going it alone for the last eight years. My married life has been very unfortunate. In my own mind, more so than is usually the lot of man. I will continue to stay at my own home, do my own work in the house, feed my horse and chickens, so long as the Good Father gives me strength for the self imposed task.

During this near seven years of caring for, waiting and





watching, had greatly reduced the energies so necessary to carry on the industries that had come to my care. I had not made any very great efforts for the accumulation of real estate, but as the means came to my care, I found it best investment to apply it to the purchase of real property in lands.

Having come into possession of about four hundred and fifty acres of choice land, mostly in cultivation and in good title. For farming this amount of land would require a great deal of attention in the way of repairs, in fencing, ditching and building, and the labor was so extensive that I felt that it was too much for my strength for the future, and having done my share in reclaiming the wilderness, I decided to turn it over to my boys for their best efforts while they were still in the prime of life. So as it were, I administered on my own estate, making the division by leaving to each one-third of the lands, not by its value, but by acres and not by dollars, all of them being satisfied, each declaring he had the best bargain.

These leases or contracts were entered into the 2nd of January, 1902. Clarence A. died August 24th, 1904, caused his interest to fall back on my hands, making the care and attention it should have, again on me. This property will be held for his fatherless and motherless orphan children, Gertrude and Leo C. Tracy. My life work and savings goes to the boys, no girl ever coming to my arms and care. Could I only had a daughter for my old age I would have done all in my power, if possible, to make her happy.

With my wish and desire that I had a daughter, after all, there is a possibility with my troubles and checkered life, it is best that I had no daughter. That the place of a daughter is so nearly filled is a great pleasure for me. My dearly



beloved granddaughters, some of them passed into womanhood and women's life and family, others are coming on from the little tot, up to the mature age; with these around me is a great enjoyment. My granddaughters, from the least to the oldest, are the pride of my life. Four greatgrand children have come to fill the measure of joy and love I have for them. May their days be many and bright.

While being confined to the house caring for my invalid wife and from a long-felt desire, I set about to look up my ancestry, or rather to know more of them, this led me to make a trip to old Virginia and the Carolinas, in the spring of 1903, and the knowledge I gathered among my distant relatives has been very interesting to myself, as well as some others, and if time should deal gently with me, more information may yet be gained from the same source.

In June, 1907, a visit to the Jamestown Exposition was very interesting, as much was to be seen in the fair and the waters of the Chesapeake Bay, James River and the Elizabeth River. On these waters were vessels of many nations, both merchants and ships of war. After the fair was looked over and a trolly ride for a sight of the Atlantic coast, a return was made to Norfolk, Va. From here a visit was made to southern Virginia, among the Tanners and Woottens, relatives of our own dear stock. We were treated with ample hospitality "on the old Virginia style." Further information was given of our knowledge of the olden times kinsfolk, who have made this country their home from the first settlement in the year 1640.



### My Land Investments Since 1852

Bought of George W. Johnson, by guardian, 1852, the old Forest Home, 160 acres.....	\$ 2,000 00
Bought of A. Vanarsdoll, Dec. 10, 1880, 80 acres.....	4,000 00
Bought of Mrs. C. Williamson, Nov. 27, 1886, 35 acres.....	2,810 50
Bought of Mrs. A. Pierce, Sept, 5, 1892, 40 acres.....	2,350 00
Bought of Mrs. L. Myers, August, 1893, 31 1-2 acres.....	2,450 00
Bought of J. B. Tracy, Jan. 5, 1898, 31 1-2 acres.....	1,575 00
Bought of W. L. Tracy, February, 1900, 21 1-5 acres.....	1,282 60
Bought of Francis Trout, August 12, 1901, 61 acres.....	3,719 00
Making 460 1-5 acres at a cost of.....	\$20,187 10

With a deduction of eight acres from the Williamson land, with gains, will leave about 351 acres; not counting 460 acres bought in Nebraska.

Some family history that has not been given heretofore may not be out of place at this time. The house that I will speak of was built about the year 1830, and at this time 1909, is occupied and owned by Anthony Cawley. In this house Father died, brother William and sister Martha died here, but probably in the cabin; brother Josiah died in this house later on. Other interesting occasions took place here, viz: Keziah, Eleanor M., Margaret, Elizabeth A. and Mary Jane, were married here. Two brothers, Nathaniel and the writer, were married in this same house. Three of the brothers had their second day receptions at the old home. Sister Mary Jane and the writer were born in the yard. The writer had a son born here, while absent in the Civil War. Father never saw but one of these ceremonial events, and that was Eleanor M.'s marriage, some fourteen months before his death. In all of these marriages of brothers and sisters none of them were married the second time except the writer, he being married the third time. All of the brothers, sisters, brother-in-law, sisters-in-law, have all passed to their long home, except



the writer; who still waits to tell the tale of those who have gone before. Seven brothers and seven sisters were the fruits of the family, fourteen in all. Five brothers and five sisters found their mates and each brought on their family. This old home passed out of the family near sixty years ago.

This string of sketches will not be complete unless I go back to the age of about eleven years. At that time there was a young sucking colt on the farm, it was a very pretty colt. I had a great liking for the colt, and every indication was that the friendship was returned. I could play with the colt an hour at a time, and at the same time, I felt it very necessary that we should try our strength in pulling, so boy like, I caught him by the tail—a very nice tail—and the test of strength commenced. This did not seem to meet with the feelings of the colt, he had nice little feet and the hoofs were sharp, and when I was making my best effort on the pull, he handed me one with both feet in my face, one foot brushing my ear and the other one made a center shot, landing a stinging blow on the point of my nose, which split my nose and brought tears, cries and blood, also a broken nose, which has been crooked to the present time. So mother had a case of doctoring until the nose was well, but crooked. I haven't been pulling any colt's tails since that time.

A couple of years after the above experience I was living in Mechanichsburg, Boone County, Indiana, and was going to school a mile and a half north of town, also having Sugar Creek to cross, occasionally riding the same nose kicking colt, and at one time after crossing the creek on the colt I came to a bayou with banks some three feet high with a narrow steep decent to the water, here the colt refused to go down, I dismounted and tried to lead him down, and in so doing, he





jumped against me, knocked me over the bank into the water about two feet deep. The colt left for home, I crawled out, waded the creek and for home as wet as a drowned rat and chilled to the bone. The bad cold following caused me to lose part of my dollar that I had paid for a month and half schooling. The colt beat me all the time.

The following sketch was a happening in the fall of 1867: In Greenwood there was a band formed for the purpose of thieving and robbing, and murder was committed by them in the person of ——— Fergason. The five were arrested and committed to jail. There was a company of over a hundred men formed and pledged to seek revenge. When the time come they marched down the State road on horse back to Franklin and to the jail, broke the door down and took out Patterson and Hatchel, late from Kentucky, a half mile north of town they were hanged to a tree until they were dead. Soon the grand jury was called and a number of the company were indicted, giving the writer the benefit of two indictments. We were all tried in Johnson Circuit Court, and all came clear for the want of evidence against us. I learned in this affair that it was poor employment to be a spectator when the law was being broken.



## Some War Reminiscences.

By the suggestion or rather by request of some of my grandchildren, I will give a more comprehensive statement of my services while in the war for the Union, by giving battles, engagements and skirmishes that I took part in by name or place. I find it almost an impossibility to call them to mind after the passing of forty-five years. Some of the grounds were fought over as much as three times in different campaigns, others on roads and in the woods without names. Our fighting was from Gettysburg in Pennsylvania to the Roanoke River in southern Virginia, a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles, and these engagements were fought on a strip of country lying between the Alleghany Mountains and the Atlantic Ocean. There are three classes of engagements and will be so marked: Battles 1, Engagements 2, Skirmishes 3.

In September, 1861, arrived in Washington City, went into camp for drilling. Here I lay in hospital for six weeks with typhoid fever. In November we marched to lower Maryland and the Chesapeake Bay, to prevent contraband trading from Baltimore to Richmond.

From April to May, 1862, we returned to Washington City for provost guard duty, were sent across the Potomac into Virginia to Upperville and Ashby's Gap, chased the rebel videtts down the mountain and into the Shenandoah River, where we gave them a volley, but they were too far off to harm them. Here the first firing done by the Third Indiana Cavalry was fired at the enemy by the writer, and within the next hour, the first blood drawn from Third Cavalry, was from the writer's wounded horse, but not serious.

The actions will now be noted: Paris 3, Berry's Ferry 3,



Front Royal 3, Luray 3; these on the Shenandoah. Now towards Richmond, Mattaponi 1, Thornburg Mills 1, Carmel's Church 1, Cedar Mountain 2, Second Bull Run 1. Took shipping with General Burnside's Army from Aqua Creek to Washington and commenced the campaign to Antietam; Poolsville 2, Middleton 3, Second Middleton 1, Third Middleton 2, South Mountain 1, Boonsborough 3, Antietam 1, Shepardstown 3, Mouth Monocacy 3. Here the army turned towards Richmond by crossing the Potomac at Edwards Ferry into Georgia; Thilamont 3, Union 3, Barbes' Cross Roads 3, Waterloo 3, Amosville 3, Little Washington 2, Newby's Cross Roads 3, Corbin's Cross Roads 3, Hazel River 1, Sulphur Springs 3, Warrentown 3, Rappahannock Station 1, Fredricksburg 1, Kelly's Ford 3, Chancellorsville 1.

Start on campaign to Gettysburg; Beverly Ford 1, Chantilly 1, Aldie 2, Middleburg 3, Upperville 1, Paris 3, Ashby's Gap 2, Berries' Ferry 3, Union 1, Snickersville 2, Leesburg 3, Berrys 3, Edwards' Ferry 3, Boonsborough 3, Funkstown 1, Williamsport 1, Boonsborough 1, Cavetown 3, Monterey Springs 3, Fairfield 3, Gettysburg 3, Gettysburg 1, (3 days). Then we start on the return campaign, Boonsborough 3, Funkstown 2, Bakersville 3, Downsville 3, Fallingwaters 3, Funkstown 1, Fallingwaters 1, Chester Gap, Va., 2, Waterloo 3. Now on the line of the Rappahannock, and soon crossed over to Culpepper and Stevensburg and camped for the winter of 1863-4; Madison Court House 3, Jack Shop 1. This battle will not be forgotten while memory lasts, because of the happening in one particular affair; Germania Ford 3, Morton's Ford 2, Stevensburg 2, Brandy Station 2, S. E. Brandy Station 2. Here my horse was shot from under me and soon after died. I had taken him with

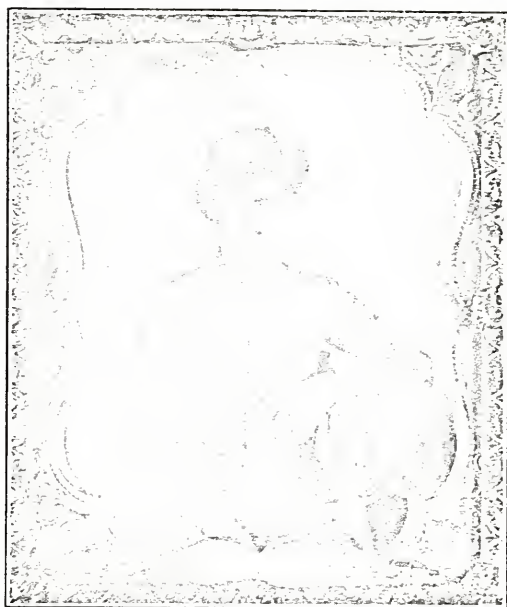


me to the army and he had served me for two years for all my marching and was first wounded at Berry's Ferry. John Minor Botts 1, Bristoe Station 3, Kettle Run 3, Bealton Station 3, Catlet's Station 3, Rappahannock Station 1. May 4, 1864, the final campaign in the Wilderness and on to Richmond is commenced at Germania Ford 3, Mine Run 1, Robertson's Tavern 2, Craig's Church 1, Catharpin Road 2, Spotsylvania Court House 1, Beaver Dam 1, North Anna 3, South Anna 3, Grand Squirrel Bridge 2, Ashland Station 1. Here the Rebel Cavalry Commander, Lieutenant General J. E. B. Stuart, was killed by a Michigan sharpshooter. Brook's Church 2, Cold Harbor 1, Bottom's Bridge 2, White Oak Swamp 1, Malvern Hill 3. We now cross the James River and to Princeburg's Court House, and here prepare for the Wilson Road of thirteen days and nights. Reams Station 2, Ford's Station, Wilson's Station 3, Black's and White's Station 2, Meheren Station 2, Little Roanoke Station 3, Roanoke Station 2, Columbia Grove 3, Double Bridge 3, Ream's Station 2, Stoney Creek Station 1, Smokey Ordinary 3, Jarrot's Station 3. On this raid there was an immense amount of property destroyed on the railroads,—Lynchburg, Danville and Weldon roads were made to suffer in track, ware houses, depots and bridges, besides tobacco, cotton and corn that come in sight of our line of March were destroyed by the torch. I have given the foregoing as best I could from recollection, maps and the history of our regiment. There are some errors, not in giving the actions, but in mixing the actions of different campaigns.

The military roster of the Third Indiana Cavalry gives one hundred and three actions, seventy-one for battles and engagements, the balance skirmishes. I had a part in all but







MATHEW J. TRACY  
Taken at Fredericksburg, Va., June 1862



two, and they were skirmishes. My worst luck or loss was in skirmishes, having my horse wounded in one and killed in another.

With the scrap work given in the foregoing short sketches of a passing life, some of them may be of passing interest to the few who may take the time and trouble to read them. So far as any of them may be historical, they will be worthy of note.

It will be well before condemning the composition and writing, for the reader to keep in mind, that the writer is not qualified by an education, commensurate to the task of being a writer, as should be for a well gotten up and readable work of this kind; but those that are present and those that are to come, may learn something from this that they might not gather from other sources.

For the present this will close my work, and it will fall to the lot of others to note the last *sketches* of a more than medium long life.

With love for all of my descendants, I bide my time, being today seventy-seven years old, and the remaining years will be few.

Whiteland, Indiana.

January 6, 1909.

Signed,

MATHEW J. TRACY



## THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE THIRD REGIMENT OF IND. CAVALRY

To All Who Shall See These Presents, Greeting:

Know ye, that reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity and abilities of *M. J. Tracy*, I do hereby appoint him *First Sergeant* in *Company F* of the *3rd Regiment of Indiana Cavalry* in the service of the United States, to rank as such from the first day of July, one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-three. He is therefor carefully and diligently to discharge the duties of *First Sergeant* by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. And I do strictly charge and require all non-commissioned officers and soldiers under his command to be obedient to his orders as *First Sergeant*. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time, as he shall receive from me or the future Commanding Officer of the Regiment, or other Superior Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers set over him according to the rules and discipline of War. This warrant to continue in force during the pleasure of the Commanding Officer of the Regiment for the time being.

Given under my hand at the Head Quarters of the Regiment at *Gettysburg, Pa.*, this First day of July, in the Year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-three.

GEO. H. CHAPMAN, Col.

3rd Indiana Cavalry.

Commanding the Regiment.

By the Commanding Officer,

ALANSON STEPHENS,

Sergeant Major and Acting Adjutant of the Regiment.



## TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Know ye, that *Mathew J. Tracy* a *1st Sergeant* of Captain Thomas W. Moffitt's Company, (F.) *Third Regiment of Indiana Cavalry* volunteers, who was enrolled on the twenty-fifth day of July, one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-one to serve three years or during the war, is hereby *discharged* from the service of the United States, this thirty-first day of August, 1864, at Indianapolis, by reason of his term of service having expired. (No objection to his being re-enlisted is known to exist.)

Said *Mathew J. Tracy* was born in *Johnson county* in the state of *Indiana*, is thirty-two years of age, five feet, ten and one-half inches high, fair complexion, blue eyes, black hair, and by occupation when enrolled was a carpenter.

Given at *Indianapolis*, this *eighth* day of *September*, *eighteen hundred and sixty-four*.

W. M. MOFFETT,

Captain, Commanding Co. F, 3rd Ind. Cavalry.





No. 406263

Act of May 11, 1915

Reissue

## UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

BUREAU OF PENSIONS

It is hereby certified that in conformity with the laws of the United States, Mathew J. Tracy, who was a Sergeant; Co. F., 3 Regiment, Indiana Cavalry, is entitled to a pension at the rate of thirty dollars per month, to commence May 21, 1912.

[SEAL]

Given at the Department of the Interior this Twenty-sixth day of September, one thousand nine hundred and twelve and of the Independence of the United States of America, the one hundred and thirty-seventh.

SAMUEL ADAMS,

Acting Secretary of the Interior.

Countersigned,

J. L. DAVENPORT,

Commissioner of Pensions.

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**Respectfully of Father, Mathew J. Tracy,**

I write, whose life was the quintessence of honor, patriotism, industry, love and integrity. His honor was never questioned, his patriotism is evidenced by the sacrificing of three years of the best part of his life in the civil war.

As to his industrious qualities, they are proven beyond a possible doubt, by his accumulating of five hundred acres of as beautiful terra firma as is canopied by the heavens. All of which is divided equally among his children.

My family at this time consists of Maggie E. Brewer, my wife, and children, who are, Ethelyn Tracy Phipps, Vivian Tracy Wheatcraft, and son Francis T. Tracy, Margaret Tracy, Eleanor Tracy and Isabelle Tracy, all of whom are in love with their grandfather. When I was near four years of age, my mother, his wife, was taken from us, and during the remaining fifty-eight years we have trodden the pathway of life together.

He was ever ready with good and wholesome advice which contributed largely to my success. In adversity and distress he was always kind, loving and as sympathetic as a mother. Oh, happy thought; that now when he is nearing the end, eighty-three years old, that noble poise that has contributed so generously to his success, remains with him still.

His obedient son,

LOUIS F. TRACY



### A Tribute To My Grandfather.

Having been granted the privilege of a page in this book, I will say that neither space nor my power to wield the pen will suffice to express my love and esteem for grandfather Mathew J. Tracy.

His has been a checkered career, but wherever he was, whatever he was doing, he was always ambitious and energetic.

His high ideal of a home and love of home is a characteristic. This is proven by his having made it possible, largely, for all his family to have comfortable homes.

We Tracys are quite proud of the good blood lines in our family; traced back to the sturdy old Scotch and English stock, who were among the first settlers in Maryland, Virginia and Carolinas.

We are proud of our Revolutionary ancestors, and proud of grandfather's faithful service for the Union in seventy-one battles and engagements during the Civil War.

This pride, I trust, will always hold us up to the high standard set for us by our grandfather.

I have no higher ideal for my only son Louis, than that he be as good a man as his great-grandfather, Mathew J. Tracy.

This is the testimony of his eldest granddaughter.

ETHELYN TRACY PHIPPS.



**Grandpa M. J. Tracy, "As I Know Him."**

Mathew Jackson Tracy, better known as "Uncle Matt" and more affectionately by the younger generation as Grandpa Tracy and "Big" Grandpa Tracy, is a man whose purposes in life have been truly lofty and ennobling.

His life actions and thoughts have been based upon fundamental principals of right; being just and honorable in all his dealings, as far as his knowledge would permit. If he erred in judgement he did not in motive.

His military and civil life is praiseworthy of all who have known him, making him a wise counselor, a just neighbor and a most worthy parent, grand and great-grand-parent.

His faith in the Divine Creator has never been shaken. He has always been mindfull of his posterity in preparing for them as far as possible for the comforts of this life.

The memory of his life is the greatest monument I could erect to him.

Louis Francis Phipps, Helen Phipps and Lillian Phipps are very much devoted to "Big" Grandpa and will ever keep in mind his good qualities and kindnesses to them.

J. M. PHIPPS.





**Complimentary to Grandpa.**

I have not the distinction of being either the oldest or youngest grandchild of Mathew J. Tracy. However, I too, wish to add my tribute to the life of that grand old man.

It has been my pleasure to spend most of my life on the old Tracy homestead, purchased by my grandfather at \$12.30 per acre, and which could not be bought today for \$200 per acre.

It was by the sweat of his brow that this land was cleared, and by the diligent toil of his own hands that the commodious home in which I now live was built.

Here he spent most of his life rearing his family and between farming seasons followed the carpenter's trade.

One trait of our grandfather, which we children especially love and appreciate, is his kindness and never failing interest in his grandchildren.

He finds and encourages the best in us and has the happy faculty of forgetting the worst. He has been interesting in his efforts to complete the family history for us, having made two trips to Virginia, the Carolinas and Maryland, and has placed it in book form, that each of us might have a record.

Grandfather's advice and sympathy have given me comfort in many times of trouble and indecision. He has always shown a high appreciation of the visits of his grandchildren and great grandchildren in his home, and our one regret is that age has enfeebled him so that we do not have him in our own homes as much as we should like.

I will close this little tribute with one of the first sentences uttered by my little two-year-old Margaretta: "I DO love my Big Grandpa."

VIVIAN TRACY WHEATCRAFT



### A. Tribute To Capt. M. J. Tracy.

When I heard that the grand-children were to have the opportunity of expressing their love and admiration for their grandfather, I wondered if the "in-laws" were not to be given a chance. I feel sure that the love and respect of grandfather Tracy's own grand-children for him can be no greater than mine.

For years before my marriage I had heard of the sterling qualities of Capt. M. J. Tracy. I was not surprised upon my marriage into the family to find these praises more than justified.

My admiration for him has increased with the passing years and my hopes are that his life be spared until my only child Margaretta may be old enough to have a vivid memory of her great-grandfather and his kindness to his posterity.

WM. BRUCE WHEATCRAFT.



**Honor To Grandfather M. J. Tracy.**

I feel very much honored to be allowed to express my sentiments of Grandfather Tracy. While I am only nineteen years of age, he has been my ideal for several years.

Physically he has been a power and still retains an unusual amount of strength at present for a man of his age. Mentally he has been above the average.

Although his education was cut short by poor schools, his unusual mental activity has made up the deficiency.

I regard my grandfather as one of the most noble of men.

FRANCIS TANNER TRACY.



### Our Duty.

DEAR FATHER—

We can no longer find words to express,  
To comfort and please you best,  
So let us in your pathway scatter flowers,  
That your last days be best.

Much do we owe our Grandfathers and Grandmothers who have passed from the stage of action and to those who are yet living, those who left homes and kindred ties, the land of their birth, crossed the briny deep and landed in beautiful America. What for? Not through idle curiosity, but because of their love of right and liberty.

With willing hand and loving hearts they went forth to conquer, civilize and Christianize the inhabitants. First the natives, (the Indiana), clearing the forests, building railroads, draining the soil and many times sprinkling their pathways with the blue blood that coarsed through their veins and to-day they have given to their sons and daughters the best homes, schools and government of any country on the globe.

This certainly is appreciated by those who are trying to exemplify the lives and character of those noble heroes who have given us all that we have and are in this day.

It certainly is gratifying to the donor of this sketch to say that his father and mother were a part of this great company who gave their life work for the betterment and happiness of future generations. Would it not be fitting to say at this time that we do appreciate the peace and happiness that we enjoy because of the fruits of their labors and that we are not saddened by the devastations of war, like those of our sister countries whose rivulets and rills are crimson because of the slaughter of their people?





We should take courage, press onward and upward the good work they have begun, until father time calls us from our field of labor to that home prepared for the faithful.

Respectfully,

April 20, 1915.

JAS. B. TRACY.

ANNIE HENDERSON TRACY.

P. S. By the urgent request of the Principal of this book, we give the names of my family in order.

James B., wife, and Margaret A., Guy E., Winifred I.; Homer A., Mary E., Cecil E., Charles C., Lawrence J. Tracy. Grandchildren: Irene Elizabeth, Mary Loraine, and Jas. Wiley Tracy, and Eva Margaret Kerlin.

May we each of us revere the names of our parents and grand-parents because of their interest in our behalf.



### **Tribute to Grandpa.**

After my grandfather had sent the "Tracy-Tanner Genealogies" to press I urgently requested that he write for us his autobiography, but the conditions of his health, at that time, almost precluded the ideas of such an effort.

As his eldest grandson I kept the idea before him, and at length, as he became stronger, he commenced it. His modesty on such a subject not only extended to the events of his life, but to his idea of his ability to undertake the preparation of the manuscript, and it was only after the most earnest solicitation that he was induced to yield. As his autobiography will be to his descendants, so he has been to me, the avenue to a vision of early days in Indiana. He has always been a great reader and was well posted on the events of his day and history in general.

It has been the getting of his great fund of general knowledge that has given him that peculiar entity, which we call culture, and which has served for him so well, the purpose of schooling.

While the work as a whole is to some extent memorial, it has a true historical aspect, and was written by a man who was conscientious of his labor, an erudite and exemplar citizen, a loyal soldier for his country, a pleasant companion and a loving grandfather.

GUY E. TRACY



**Words of Gratitude.**

It is with great hesitancy that I try to say anything that would be a worthy tribute to my grandfather, knowing that I realize very little of the hardships and experiences of a man who has lived the past eighty-three years.

Then my grandfather tells me that he helped build the first railroad built in Indiana, and indeed, the first one built west of the Alleghany Mountains, and when from his own lips I hear of the many varied experiences of his youth and the horrors of four years of civil war, I feel that only those who have passed through similar experiences can appreciate the full value of one who has been loyal, patriotic and true to his country and loved ones through all these years.

Feeble words cannot express the deep gratitude and reverence of my heart for the heritage such a life of service in the cause of liberty brings to us all. With deepest joy and with honest heart, I can only pledge a life of service and loyalty to the same worthy cause and to the Mighty Author of true liberty for the individual, state and society.

MARY TRACY KERLIN.

REV. CLARENCE KERLIN.

Clark's Hill, Ind., April 24, 1915.



### A Tribute to Grandpa Tracy.

Being honored with the privilege of contributing a page in this book, we wish to express our many thanks and kind feelings toward the author.

Grandpa Tracy, better known as "Uncle Matt," has done more than any other living person toward gathering facts and data concerning family history and putting in book form, also another book known as "Genealogies of the Tracy-Tanner Families by M. J. Tracy." Works that have been of great trouble and expense, having traveled a great many miles to secure certain data regarding same.

Grandpa Tracy is a man who has endured many hardships in earlier life, helping make the surrounding territory subject to the high state of cultivation of today.

A man whose honesty and integrity can not be doubted. A man who tries to be impartial to children and grandchildren, having amply provided for all.

A man whose sound judgement has been emphasized up to date in acting as guardian for Leo C. Tracy, age 19, and Gertrude Tracy Watson, both being unfortunate enough to loose their mother in 1900, and four years later their father, Clarence Allen Tracy, son of the author.

Grandpa Tracy is a lover of his grandchildren and great grandchildren, having many times walked one mile to our home to see our little girl, Mabel Elberta, age 10 months, and play with her the same as if he was 80 years younger.

Grandpa Tracy is a man whose patriotism was shown in his many hardships in army life, which left his health in an impaired condition, his ripe old age having been attained only by his methods of living and regular habits.





In closing this page we will say that we are sorry we have not the words at our command to fully express our appreciation for this grand old man and wish him many more years of health.

ROBERT E. & GERTRUDE TRACY WATSON.

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